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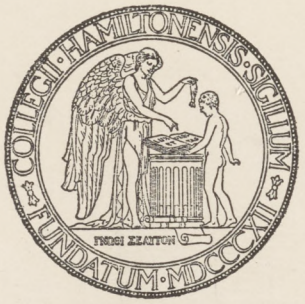
PM HAMILTONIAN

FEBRUARY CLASS 1944



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CLINTON, NEW YORK

PM Hamiltonian

LATE IN 1942 Hamilton College, of Clinton, New York, was among fourteen colleges or universities throughout the country chosen to give pre-meteorological training for the Army Air Forces. Accordingly, Technical Training Detachment 18 of the Army Air Forces Technical Training Command (subsequently, the 64th A.A.F. Technical Training Detachment) was established on the Campus, and on February 22 the first of two units of soldier-trainees began their studies. That unit remained on the Campus for twelve months and became known as the February, 1944, Class. This is their story.

February Class 1944

Foreword

When we first learned that Hamilton had been selected by the Army Air Forces to offer a program in pre-meteorology, we were immensely pleased. It promised to be a tough program, both to teach and to take. It was a challenge—and we accepted it with pleasure. It promised to bring to our campus an unusually fine type of army student. That it has done, and we are grateful.

We're glad to have had you with us, we congratulate you on your achievement, and we hope you have found something on this hilltop that will impel you, even if only briefly, to come back and visit us again.

Great good luck and Godspeed to you in your Army service. May your year at Hamilton help you make a large contribution to victory.

PRESIDENT W. H. COWLEY

Dedicated to the Men of the Army Air Forces
Who are Carrying the Battle to the
Enemy on All Fronts

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ILLUSTRATIONS: *The pen and ink sketches at the beginning of each Chapter are by Pvt. Harold J. Cliffer of the February, 1944, Class. Those on pages 7, 9, and 11 are by Staff Sergeant Fred Ray of the Army Air Forces Technical Training Commands's Public Relations Staff, Lynbrook, L. I. The aerial photo of the Campus on page 34 is by George A. Goodrich, Utica; the collection of snapshots on page 67 by Pvt. Walter K. Neubauer of the February, 1944, Class; the picture of the basketball team by Dante O. Tranquille of the Utica Daily Press; and the pictures of all PM Flights and of the Permanent Party, are by William J. Pritchard of the Hamilton College Photographic Bureau.*

Meet the PM's

We had never heard of Hamilton College—many of us. We didn't know how to spell "meteorology," much less know what the word meant or how to pronounce it. And then on one cold February day, Army orders and telegrams went out to homes (at 1 A.M. in the morning), to camps, and to colleges; and we responded—from Florida, from Missouri, from New Jersey, from Indiana, from parts of New York. We came to Hamilton and stayed a year. Some of us were wearing Army uniforms, some of us were not. Some of us had never seen snow, or ever heard a top-sergeant shout. Some of us had never fired a rifle, or ever been to college. But we had in common three things: we were Americans, we were in the Army, and we had a nodding acquaintance with some mathematics, be it ever so meager.

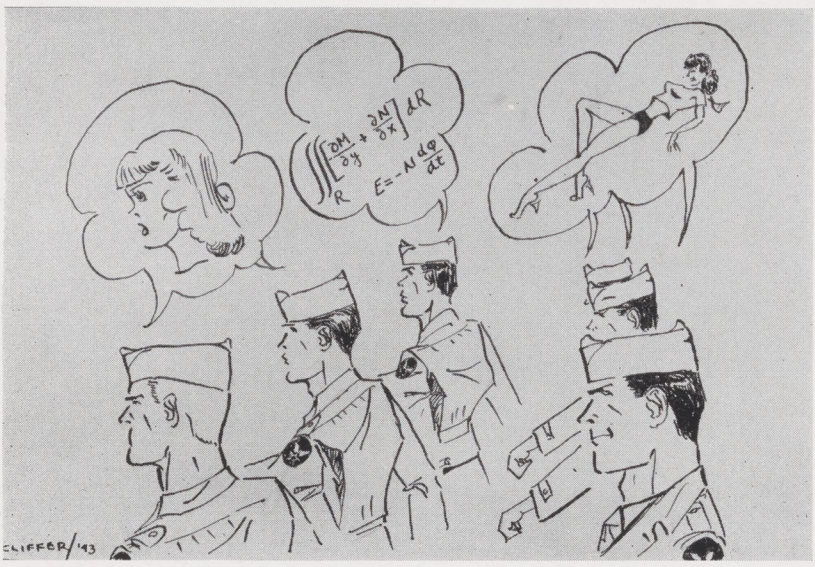
With no more than a hostile glance at the two feet of snow that covered the campus, we dashed into the warmth of Root Hall for what, to many of us, was our first real experience with Army life. We shuffled into the office, not knowing whom or how to salute, or when to say, "Yes, sir." (Needless to say, we subsequently found out.) Sergeant Smith greeted us:

"Why aren't you guys wearing uniforms?" This, to the men who had come from college.

"What uniforms, sir?" we asked.

"The ones they gave you."

"We didn't get any, sir."



"Now don't confuse me! And stop calling me, sir!"

"Yes, sir."

"Wise guys, huh! We'll straighten this out."

He brought in Lieutenant Joachimi and in short order we convinced the Lieutenant that the Enlisted Reserve does not issue G. I. clothes. Apparently satisfied with this explanation, he had us fill out cards, and for the first time we prefixed our names by "Private." Rooms were assigned to us at North Dorm, blankets and sheets were issued. We were given our exact mailing addresses, and told that the mess, our first Army meal, was at 6. Among ourselves, we agreed: "This isn't going to be so bad, after all."

It began that way.

Next day other things began to happen. Sergeant Aikey got us together in the N. D. day-room about 10 in the morning and proceeded to lecture on proper conduct and customs in the Army. In fact he kept on lecturing one hour a day for two weeks. When three-quarters of an hour had passed he would say: "Any questions? Anything you don't understand?"

Being normally intelligent enough to handle easily and instantly anything the sergeant sent over the plate, we naturally had no questions.

"But you've got to ask questions," the Sergeant would plead. "Suppose the Major walked in?"

Fortunately the Major never did walk in, and we took to telling stories. You can swap a heap of stories when you've got the whole country to draw on. Thus the hours passed. Then it was chow-time.

Mess—those were the good old days. We ate from dishes instead of scooped-out trays. And the mere raising of a hand would send a woman dashing madly between the tables prepared to get us anything and everything from a second on pie to a napkin. Milk, "O beauteous nectar," graced the tables in tremendous pitchers, and flowed like champagne. Emptied dishes were left standing, to be taken away, washed and made ready for the next encounter by some gracious diety. We ate heartily and grew fat.

Evenings, we sauntered over to the gym for a game of basketball, or watched the Hamilton team play ice-hockey. Or we just sat around "chewing the rag" or listening to the radio.

School was not to begin until the end of the month, and until then, a general quarantine was put into effect to keep us on the Hill. By this time, men from the various Army camps began to arrive and the usual precaution against disease was taken by giving us "shots." Now an injection is nothing, until it's administered by the Army. You seem to forget that as a child you were given a vaccination and that it didn't hurt. You forget when as you

stand in line waiting your turn someone comes out warning: "Wait till they give you the whirling harpoon in the neck."

You begin to wonder.

"You won't lose more than a pint of blood if they use the sharp ax."

You are about to turn and run. In a moment, though, it's all over and you are none the worse for the experience. Altogether, receiving a dozen or more shots during the next month makes you slightly annoyed.

During those days, we lent our talents to occasionally producing radio shows over the College station, WHC, and presenting a "lively" revue in Commons that had a magnificent one night run. (They chased us all the way to Clinton!) Then it was decided that something should be done to make us—those of us who had arrived from colleges—look like soldiers.

We were sent to the Rome Depot for uniforms the next day. Getting an outfit of G. I. issue is a unique Army experience.

You proudly walk up to a long wooden counter behind which are rows and rows of shelves filled with what appears to be enough to clothe every soldier in the world. Someone drops two large barrack bags at your feet; the Sergeant shouts:

"Take one and hold it open!"

You do so, and it's promptly filled with towels, shaving articles, socks, O. D. (olive drab) shirts, handkerchiefs, a comb, a toothbrush, and a few dozen other items. Next footwear. The Sergeant calls:

"Get me two pairs of 10½ shoes—width D!"

"But," you stammer, "you can't see my feet from where you're standing, sir."

Someone whispers: "He probably tells by the way your ears lap over."

The Sergeant ignores the remark. (Sergeants have an uncanny way of hearing everything anyone says at any time.) He takes a glance down at your feet.

"Make that width triple E," he says menacingly.

You say no more. The shoes are quickly followed by sun-tans (which look as though you'd be right at home in them selling Coco-Cola), hat, belt, blouse, and Air Corps insignia. By this time, one bag is completely filled and the other half-way.

"Throw out two pairs of long-johns."

The Sergeant holds up two sets of red flannels which have been turned a tattle-tale grey.

You snicker, "I don't wear those. You can keep them."

"You will when it gets cold. Put 'em in the bag."

This you do—half-heartedly. (The very next day it drops to 38° below, and you discover that the Army still knows a little more than you do about the weather.)

"All right, next!"

You're through. The Army has just given you almost $200 worth of clothing including a gas mask and four razor blades. You lift the heavy barracks bags, sling them over your shoulder, and trudge out of the building. Going down the icy steps, you slip; the barrack bags tumble down the incline; you land in a heap of snow. You look around sheepishly, trying to ignore the loud laughter, pick up your equipment, and sneak off toward the waiting truck.

Once back "home" at the barracks, you begin trying things on. Nothing fits except the handkerchiefs. You begin to complain, but they tell you, "Don't worry, you'll grow into them." Six months later you're still complaining. Somehow, though, people at home begin to compliment you on your physique and your uniform, so the complaining stops and you just stand around smiling and bask in the warmth of their admiration.

When the novelty of new clothes wore off, we began thinking of school again. It was to start on that monumental February 22.

It was 6 A.M. The bugle shrieked through the corridors. Eagerly we jumped out of bed; rushed to the windows; threw them open, took a deep breath; shut them again; and dashed back under the blankets. By 6:25, we had shaken ourselves loose from Morpheus and stood shivering in the whirling snow, waiting for roll call. Winter at Valley Forge could have been no worse. The eight flights of 25 men each were called to attention; and it was determined that all who were still alive were "present and accounted for." Washing, breakfast, and cleaning of rooms followed. At 7:55, we were marching along to the first class, singing merrily, little aware of the awaiting complexities of tests, texts, and teachers. The professors greeted us graciously, put their respective whips in the corner, and the race was on. The starting shot had been fired. Four solid hours of math ensued, with a casual hour of muscular development, called gym, tossed in the middle. By this time it was

1 o'clock. Under the pangs of driving hunger, we dashed madly into the mess-hall, as it is so appropriately called, for lunch. Afternoon classes started at 2. During these hours, we were at long last given an opportunity to relax under the burden of certain less strenuous subjects, English, history and geography, which, acting like a gentle soporific, tended to relax completely a goodly percentage of us. This vacation continued until 5 when an hour was devoted to military training. This period during the year has consisted of drill, of lying in the snow, of falling on your face in mud, of motion pictures, of medical lectures, and as a time when the military could threaten us with everything from guard duty to a firing squad.

At 6 o'clock we attacked Commons like a pack of wolves. Here we devoured a handsome meal and whatever utensils were left lying around. We were free until 7:30, and if desired, a half-hour could be spent in regular breathing. The hours from 7:30 to 9:30 were spent in the classroom supposedly at study. It was during these hours that many illuminating discoveries were made: the time required for a piece of chalk to travel from the hand to a fellow PM's head, the work in ergs developed in throwing a board eraser across the room, the radius of curvature necessary to conceal a cigarette in the palm of the hand. And then, of course, there were some who actually did study.

Our chains were removed at 9:30 and we were free until 10:45, at which time we learned we had better be in bed in the interest of our health and personal safety. That was Our Day—seventeen hours of it. We slept the other seven, should you be interested. Over 300 times that same cycle has been repeated during the year. Don't let anyone ever tell you that fighting a war with a slide rule is baby's play. It isn't; we know.

In an attempt to develop leadership, the Major put into operation a cadet officer system. Certain men were selected, at no increase in pay, we might add, to take charge of us students at all times. Our lives were placed into the hands of a group and an assistant group commander, four squadron leaders, eight flight sergeants, and 24 flight corporals. Chief among their duties was the responsibility of seeing that no talking went on in ranks as we marched to and from classes, and that we kept in step. It has been estimated that at certain parts of the year when new cadet positions were created, more than 30% of the men held some position, which all goes to prove that the Army is still democratic. Under the guidance of these officers, retreat was held each afternoon at 5:45. This is, without a doubt, one of the most inspiring of all military ceremonies, the lowering of the flag as the day ends.

It was somewhere in April that our own Lieutenant Embrey, bless him, came up with a plan that rocketed him to national prominence. Colloquially,

that plan is referred to as the "gig-system." Soon after its inception at Hamilton, it was instituted in all meteorology schools throughout the country. The scheme was a very simple but deadly one. For each misdemeanor: e. g., late to formation, out of uniform, talking in ranks, disobedience to a student officer, etc., etc. (a complete list may be had on request) a certain number of gigs or demerits were generously awarded. The number of gigs for any "crime" ranged from one to eleven depending upon its viciousness. At the conclusion of each week all gigs were totaled and—here's the rub—we were requested to walk one hour of penalty tour (otherwise known as Lt. Embrey's Delight) for each gig we had managed to collect over six, and two hours for every one over 10. Penalty tour is a phrase given to mean: you take a gun, place it on your shoulder, walk up and down a length of about 25 yards at attention—with your mouth shut. The system, we might add, was a complete success.

Thus we lived through the year 1943. It has been an unusual and profitable one. No one has ever learned more in such a short space of time, nor been paid so well ($50 per month) for doing so, in all the annuals of history.

—I. W.

FLIGHT ONE

Sleight, Farrell, Tollerton, Erickson, Theobald, Sifton, Shook
Stack, Solomon, Elliott, Slovak, Thompson, Harris
Eannace, Waite, Satran, Watkins, Stone

FLIGHT ONE

Cadet Squadron Commanders

EANNACE, SALVATORE J. . . . . 613 Elizabeth St., Utica, N. Y.
The "Big Business Man" . . . stimulated great interest in intercollegiate sports with his U.T.K. Parley . . . believed that a good soldier should not be complacent about his surroundings . . . Hamilton.

ERICKSON, EDWARD N. . . . . 121 Maple Ave., Dunkirk, N. Y.
His athletic prowess and aversion to sin earned him the title of "All-American Boy" . . . constantly moaned "I can't get this stuff," while knocking off consistent good grades . . . Duke.

Cadet Squadron Adjutant

TOLLERTON, ROBERT H. . . . . 45 Kenyon Court, Utica, N. Y.
"Speak softly and carry a big stick" . . . his "Honey" made him late for many a bed-check, but he always had a "sick grandmother" to keep the gigs away.

Cadet Flight Lieutenants

SHOOK, GEORGE W. . . . . 7 Maple Ave., Mount Kisco, N. Y.
Once a model Flight Lieutenant, he spent the last six months harassing subsequent flight leaders . . . his attempt to get 20-20 vision with carrots and exercises resulted only in bloodshot eyes.

STACK, ALVIN I. . . . . 40 Ralph Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
The "gonif" . . . always had the last word in an argument, and that word was always the same . . . joined forces with Stern in many a wild "cherchez les femmes" . . . Brooklyn.

STONE, ROBERT D. . . . . 100 Highland Ave., Binghamton, N. Y.
Spent a rugged 12 months trying to keep Skidmore and East Orange apart, wangle 3-day passes on the sly, keep a jump ahead of the insurance company, and survive on $2.50 a month . . . Hamilton.

ELLIOTT, JAMES R., JR. . . . . Woodridge, N. Y.
One of Flight One's rugged boys . . . used spare time studying anatomy, underlining math notes, and reading the Sullivan County Bulletin-Sentinel . . . Syracuse.

FARRELL, JOHN R. . . . . 2817 41st St., Long Island City, N. Y.
Gazed at the world with the uncomplaining eye of a haddock . . . most of his contemplating, however, involved a bevy of fictitious female friends. Flight One's foremost floorwalker . . . Manhattan.

HARRIS, GEORGE S. ..... 2683 Morris Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
Once of defunct Flight Seven, he brought a whirlwind brain and a Bronx outlook to Flight One . . . spent most of waking hours riding Bro. Satran . . . C. C. N. Y.

SATRAN, HAROLD ..... 394 East 98th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Distill Brooklyn and you have Satran . . . his short stature and youthful exuberance made him Flight One's natural mascot . . . Never met a formation both on time and fully dressed . . . Brooklyn.

SIFTON, JOHN W. ..... 4314 Judge St., Elmhurst, N. Y.
One of the great literary minds of AAFTTD #18, he consumed more literature in 12 months than most librarians do in a lifetime . . . his weaving stride disrupted many a formation . . . Hamilton.

SLEIGHT, PETER C. ..... Chittenango, N. Y.
"Jowls," the studyin' man . . . spent 12 fruitful months imitating Professor George, studying in closets after taps, writing postcards in chow line, and avoiding vice of any kind.

SLOVAK, ERNEST ..... 2619 Charles St., Racine, Wis.
His sleek hair and immaculate dress made "Cheerful" the hero of every 12-year-old lass in Oneida County—and he wrote to all of them . . . Wisconsin.

SOLOMON, SETH J. ..... 531 East Lincoln Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
Nine hours sleep every night left him groggy in Mac's class, wide awake on a diamond or court . . . had a trace of persistency at times, but met his match in Theobald . . . Columbia.

THEOBALD, DAVID J. ..... 1706 E. Jackson, Bloomington, Ill.
"The corn in Illinois is so high . . ." . . . willing to fight at the drop of a hat, for Illinois, Martha, or any of his pet beliefs . . . always carried 5000 nickles with him . . . Northwestern.

THOMPSON, MELVIN ..... 414 Elm Ave., Maple Shade, N. J.
"The Mapleshade Marauder's" fertile brain got him many A's, thought up countless Army rumors, and gave him plenty of time to help Slovak thrill the younger set . . . Montclair Teachers.

WAITE, PAUL G. ..... Mound City, Ill.
Ade's silent customer was the mystery man as far as women were concerned . . . his gyrations and back-flips on the volley-ball court were the envy of the flight.

WATKINS, WAYNE S. ..... 5 Dwight Ave., Clinton, N. Y.
Proud possessor of a convertible which made it easy to substitute Clinton, Vernon, and Loretta for Hamilton's "queers" and the rigors of P. T. . . . Clarkson.

FLIGHT TWO

Cadet Squadron Adjutant

O'Brien, David J. ..... 516 West 174th St., New York, N. Y.
Flight Two's "John" Sinatra . . . big man of baseball team . . . "good field, no hit" . . . had best goldbrick job as assistant squadron leader . . . Iona.

Cadet Flight Lieutenants

Berk, Roger G. ..... 25 Dodge Ave., Akron, Ohio
Lipstick Kid #1 . . . owned only car in the flight . . . his flashy blue convertible kept women interested . . . Flight Seven's loss . . . Flight Two's gain . . . or maybe the other way . . . Harvard.

Lohrmann, Karl J. ..... 1844 Grove Ave., Berwyn, Ill.
Preacher's kid . . . turned out the way they always do . . . God's gift to the women . . . 14 or younger . . . flight lieutenant . . . GI . . . took over Morgan's job and twin sister too . . . Morton Junior College.

Morgan, Jack S. ..... 68 Ballantyne Brae, Utica, N. Y.
Acquired at least 77 grey hairs as original flight lieutenant . . . "Little song, Jack" . . . Joe College with baby talk . . . Romeo from Utica . . . Cornell.

Bugler

Martin, Frank E. ..... One Half Mile Road, Central Islip, L. I., N. Y.
Lived near an asylum . . . perhaps that accounted for it . . . chief assistant post commander and bugler . . . messed around mess council . . . attended Cornell Ag School . . . spent lots of time with chickens.

Frey, Richard B. ..... 203½ East Center St., Mt. Morris, Ill.
Sleepy little man with a big drum . . . his heart belonged to Janet . . . mathematical speed demon . . . sometimes got a problem right, too . . . class clown and cartoonist.

Goldner, Frederick G. ..... 25 English St., Ilion, N. Y.
Couldn't leave college to get his high school diploma . . . always looked out for his boy friend's girl . . . besides his own little Gert . . . Ilion High.

Gomolowicz, Romuald H. ..... 18903 San Juan, Detroit, Mich.
Proud of all the Polish blood that's in him . . . Nickname, H. V. Kaltengomolosine . . . charge of post war planning . . . Dean's list.

Jentner, Thomas A. ..... 14-24 Cordova Ave., Lakewood, Ohio
Another refugee from Flight Seven . . . V=IR=Jentner . . . electrical and radio wizard . . . quiet and shy . . . but what about those pictures in his wallet.

FLIGHT TWO

O'Brien, Martin, Lovitt, Mohr, Peck, Lohrmann, Niermeyer, Morgan
Littlefield, Gomolowicz, Maurer, Palm, Lilla, Jentner
Berk, Lyons, Parker, Goldner, Frey

LILLA, VITO H. ..... 39 Green St., Seneca Falls, N. Y.

"Peaches" rang the bell . . . dong! ! ! . . . swore off liquor at the beginning of each week-end . . . "Papa" Brun's boy . . . slept in vector class and still lived . . . "Deal me in" . . .

LITTLEFIELD, ROBERT E. ..... Faust, N. Y.

Lipstick Kid #2 . . . Betty . . . Jane . . . Mary . . . Doris . . . Pat . . . quietest man in class . . . never snored once . . . tooted a torrid saxophone.

LOVITT, GEORGE H. ..... 16 Gill Ave., Freeport, N. Y.

Put up a big front as corporal . . . big rear too . . . Boogie-woogie artist who "goofed off" in choir, baseball, sick call . . . B. M. O. C., N. Y. U.

LYONS, JOHN J. ..... 20 Oak Ave., Silver Beach, Bronx, N. Y.

Guerrilla warfare on the basketball court . . . couldn't carry a tune . . . not even an Irish one . . . taught the country bumpkins big city tricks . . . for a fee . . . Iona.

MAURER, GERALD ..... 971 47th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Spoke best Brooklynese . . . learned English at Hamilton . . . adding machine who is almost an accountant, too . . . sage of the flight . . . doubled as Air Raid Warden . . . C. C. N. Y.

MOHR, JOSEPH S., JR. ..... 7611 Merrill Ave., Chicago, Ill.

In Chicago . . . carried a lot of weight . . . but in Chicago . . . never once complained . . . never once . . . now in Chicago . . . massive steel magnate . . . from Chicago . . . University of Chicago.

NIERMEYER, KARL E. ..... 1552 West St., Utica, N. Y.

Another Utica boy stayed home and made good . . . and he liked the climate! ! ! . . . preferred his skis to Louise . . . Muscle man of the Morgan-Lohrmann-Niermeyer sydnicate . . . Utica Free Academy.

PALM, GEORGE A. ..... 604 E. Ludington Ave., Ludington, Mich.

Read the Chicago Trib . . . and believed it . . . baby of the flight . . . usually hungrier than a mink . . . Ludington's number one booster . . . Gundar the Wonder . . . Northwestern.

PARKER, ALLAN J. ..... 203 Walnut St., Ridgewood, N. J.

Ace played a big horn . . . rose to the defense of Hamilton College . . . that is to say, ate the food and liked it . . . loved Rosalie and Ridgewood . . . in spite of the cranberries and swamps . . . calm, cool, collected . . . Hamilton.

PECK, ROBERT S., JR. ..... 14544 Spaulding Ave, Midlothian, Ill.

"S" for Socrates . . . also for soldier . . . moustache was first casualty of flight . . . dangled 15 Chicago girls on a string at one time . . . and admitted it . . . terrific vector mechanic.

FLIGHT THREE

Shellstrom, Sather, Rodig, Schnappauf, Porcino, Radlowski, Neubauer
Huston, Overhiser, Fehrenbacker, Riddick, Ericson, Prymas, Schepper
Schaffer, Root, Restaino, Rooney, Precin, Garmus, Fisher

FLIGHT THREE

Cadet Group Commander

SCHIFTER, HERBERT E. ..... 656 Mitchell Ave., Elmhurst, Ill.
The posts' first student "C. O.," who, more than once, "batted" for his boys . . . knows his R. O. T. C. manual, his Chicago and his "Pudgie" . . . plays combat pilot in anticipation . . . Armour Tech.

Cadet Squadron Commander

OVERHISER, GEORGE R. ..... Windsor Highway, Newburgh, N. Y.
Hamilton grad George is right at Home on the Hill . . . Newburgh misses the quivering chin and ready chuckle . . . Don't look for him Wednesday nites—"I'll be out."

Cadet Flight Lieutenants

NEUBAUER, WALTER K. ... 39 Marlborough Road, West Hempstead, N. Y.
Cast out from Flight Seven, we took him in . . . his quick wit, pace setting grades and touch football tactics make him a fine adoption . . . another loyal Long Islander . . . Syracuse.

PORCINO, PETER R. ..... 58 Evans St., Binghamton, N. Y.
The bull with the terrible ego, plus 200 pounds of brain and flesh . . . the Einstein and MacArthur of Flight 3, who dislikes intensely—pajamas . . . Albany State.

ERICSON, WILLIAM B. ..... 631 East 226th St., New York, N. Y.
A gum-chewing, stentorian young man from the Bronx, prone to doubting everything but the virtues of women . . . a jitterbug and public speaker par excellence.

FEHRENBACKER, DEAN ..... Dundas, Ill., R. D. #2
The Illini's equation-solving farmer . . . a demon for math, physics . . . queries with "How's come?" and similar expressions equally dumbfounding to Eastern brethren . . . a whiz on the ball court.

FISHER, WILLIAM E., JR. ..... 151 Carley Ave., Huntington, N. Y.
The unsung hero of South Dorm, "Pescador" prefers a quiet cigarette to the intrigues of Utica . . . G. I. soldier, and big brother to Ace Parker and Tex Huston . . . St. John's.

GARMUS, WILLIAM J. ..... 2900 Tenth St., NW, Canton, Ohio
"Our Sergeant" . . . a man among men who sports a ready smile and salutes everybody with "Hay-lo" . . . a demon on the diamond and a "push-up" king.

HUSTON, WILLIAM L. ..... 200 Paul Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.
"Tex" and his beloved bugle form the foundation of the Post Band . . . thrives on diet of milk, fresh air, and crew haircuts . . . ardent admirer of anything "massive" . . . Syracuse.

MESSNER, WARREN S. ..... 2 North Clover Drive, Great Neck, N. Y.
A vector mechanic always . . . "The Link" misses trains, but never a sale (see Lieutenant O'Brien) . . . is the proud possessor of bulging muscles and "yoyo" legs . . . Cornell.

PRECIN, EUGENE A. ..... 4068 Archer Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Quiet "Gene" . . . asks one question a day and remembers the answer . . . an expert at photography and the first Midwesterner to rate the East above an "F."

PRYMAS, STANLEY J. . . . . 409 Main St., New York Mills, N. Y.
Gained early fame for his highly polished shoes . . . sincere, industrious and amiable, Ben's unassuming nature has won him a host of friends.

RADLOWSKI, EDWARD J. . . . . 97 Main St., New York Mills, N. Y.
Natural ability and a keen sense of humor are "Gooseky's" chief assets . . . scored heavily with PM's by calling attention to high quality of N. Y. Mills women.

RESTAINO, ALEX A. . . . . 10 Mount Prospect Ave., Newark, N. J.
An expert at fisticuffs and wine production, not to mention Pizza and women . . . if shaving were not a convention, he'd be happier . . . Rutgers.

RIDDICK, EDGAR K., JR. . . . . Walnut Ridge, Ark.
He's met someone, somewhere who's done anything you can name . . . knows all about physics, vector, and cotton . . . the "Rebel's" going home to get Milly Bo . . . "Nuthwestern."

RODIG, ROBERT I. . . . . 4426 N. Wolcott St., Chicago, Ill.
The married man . . . pre-induction draftsman and embryo engineer . . . diminutive, conservative, with a throaty laugh . . . the Mrs. gets a daily letter.

ROONEY, J. DONALD . . . . . 15 Great Oak Lane, Pleasantville, N. Y.
"The Reader's Digest" and "Don" both come from Pleasantville, N. Y., and both are well informed . . . a Yale man at heart, he whets his wit at "Ade's."

ROOT, FRED M. . . . . 237 Grove St., Oneida, N. Y.
Beloved Flight Sergeant who more than once turned us the wrong way . . . "Dong's" wheezing Ford has given many a fellow a happy hour in Clinton . . . Oswego State.

SATHER, ROBERT G. . . . . Blair, Wis.
Blair, Wisconsin's, gift to Hamilton . . . knows the truth about green peas (Blair's big industry) and movie projectors . . . camouflages a mischievous sparkle with a choir-boy expression.

SCHAFFER, IRVING . . . . . 1522 Unionport Rd., Bronx, N. Y.
Give forth with a good substantial yell for our Bronx Boy Orator . . . accused of being a Red, but he can't see it—he's color blind . . . C. C. N. Y.

SCHEPPER, ALLEN E. . . . . 4214 Carpenter Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
"Schep" combines baby-blue eyes and a lantern jaw to wow the women . . . a son of "Carissima" who sings solid harmony, runs and dances with swivel hips, boasts a crew haircut.

SCHNAPPAUF, BERNARD M. . . . . 7020 72nd St., Glendale, L. I., N. Y.
Diminutive Ben . . . Glendale's one-man chamber of commerce . . . a Fordham man, has "Rammed" ahead on the bicycle . . . pitches a mean curve on the diamond, looks for them off.

SHELLSTROM, WALTER N., JR. . . . . 10757 128th St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.
Carefree, indolent . . . the "Function" somehow manages to exist between breaks from schoolwork . . . the Detachment distance runner, who also excels at the plate—three times a day . . . Syracuse.

FLIGHT FOUR

Cadet Group Commander

DUNN, BERNARD J. ..... 4030 Bronx Blvd., Bronx, N. Y.

"Barney" . . . Fordham Prep . . . been taking flying lessons on his own all year . . . would like to put that knowledge to good use in a flying fortress . . . Claim to Fame: Has seen more girls home from USO dances than any other soldier.

Cadet Flight Lieutenants

RICHARDSON, EARL G. ..... 678 91st St., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

"Operator" . . . flight basketball star . . . and Hotel Martin's most prominent guest . . . thinks Niagara Falls is the garden spot of America . . . also answers to the name of "Smokey."

SPEAR, IRWIN ..... 65-84 Booth St., Forest Hills, L. I., N. Y.

"Skip" . . . Cornell . . . studied plant pathology . . . Cornell! . . . Distinction: Man who has taken greatest amount of geography notes . . Cornell! ! . . . talks in his sleep about, you guessed it . . . CORNELL! ! !

WROCZYNSKI, FRED A. ..... 715 Noyes St., Utica, N. Y.

"Rosey" . . . actually was a Hamilton man B. C. Before Chicago (had any ideas about meteorology) . . . fine all-'round athlete . . . also Utica born and dread . . . has rare Oriental disease: thinks women are interesting.

CASTELLUCCI, MATTHEW N. ..... 388 3rd Ave., Manhattan, N. Y.

"Jolly Jack" . . . C. C. N. Y.'s gift to the Army Air Corps . . . he's been violently in love . . . with his work . . . wants to be a psychologist . . . do not disturb before breakfast on Monday mornings . . . Famous Phrase: "What's the class average?"

COTTER, THOMAS J. ..... 2105 Mapes Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

"T. C." . . . Fordham alumnus . . . plays a mean mandolin, and smokes a meaner pipe . . . this 6 foot 2-er wants to pilot a fighter plane . . . and thinks any woman is beautiful.

CURCIO, FRANK L. ..... 1005 Egg Harbor Road, Hammonton, N. J.

"Pizano" . . . a man who actually wanted to be a meteorologist . . . and knows more math than is good for him . . . graduate of Jersey State . . . Claim to Fame: Most likely to do vector problems during the seven minute break.

DONNELLY, JOHN L. ..... 1149 Leeds St., Utica, N. Y.

"Do-nelly" . . . brought chalk into its own as a dangerous missile . . . a bright lad from the blessed city of Utica . . . Greatest Distinction: "Picked-up" his own cousin one Saturday night, (by mistake, of course).

DOONER, PETER M. ..... 522 East 159th St., Bronx, N. Y.

"Boomer" . . . comes from the Bronx . . . do we have to say more? . . . can balance three calculus books and an orange on his nose . . . a definite peril to English speech.

GREENE, JOHN W. ..... 15 Fairmount Ave., Batavia, N. Y.

"Johnny" . . . Syracuse his alma mater . . . ambition: To do the greatest amount of work, with the least possible effort . . . says matrimony isn't a word, but a sentence.

FLIGHT FOUR

Weaver, Whitman, Donnelly, Williams, Dooner, Richardson, Wright, Winehouse
Curcio, Zorn, Zywiak, Castellucci, Sommers, Widmer, Weeks
Greene, Wychocki, Tubbs, Cotter, Dunn, Wroczynski

SOMMERS, DONALD L. . . . . 358 Foch Blvd., Mineola, N. Y.

"Muscles" . . . Long Island's mass contribution to Hamilton . . . plays volley ball making use of the Australian crawl . . . thinks women, like socks, ought to be changed regularly.

TUBBS, ELDRED F. . . . . Powers Road, Orchard Park, N. Y.

"Tubber" . . . inventor with Professor Verwiebe of the famous Wave Integrator . . . holds solo flying license . . . nuts about physics and a certain professor's daughter . . . Bright boy who'll go places.

WEAVER, EBON P. . . . . 246 Westervelt Ave., Staten Island, N. Y.

"E-bone" . . . Lehigh was teaching him engineering . . . a dangerous man with a camera . . . approves of: vector analysis, root beer, and soup sandwiches.

WEEKS, JOHN A. . . . . Albion, N. Y.

"Shorty" . . . at Cornell for awhile . . . but no bad after effects . . . fine nature artist . . . to save wear and tear on our ears, he practised his trumpeting in the wash room . . . Mind you, we don't say that's where it belongs.

WHITMAN, MARTIN E. . . . . 122 First St., Troy, N. Y.

"Marty" . . . formerly slid his slide-rule at R. P. I. . . . best known for his: haircuts and for his one-third ownership in the Flying Sedan, Model '08.

WIDMER, CHARLES . . . . . Shepard Lane, Totowa Borough, N. J.

"Foxy" . . . New Jersey's Pride . . . has a complete machine shop for a brain . . . knows more about machines than you'd find in a dozen text books . . . wish his girl friend would send us a few of those lovely water-colors she's been giving him all year.

WILLIAMS, JOSEPH R. . . . . 42 Park Ave., Massena, N. Y.

"Bub" . . . engineered at Michigan . . . has a fascinating single track, single gauge mind: girls . . . called affectionately (by some): The paws that refreshes.

WINEHOUSE, IRWIN . . . . . 50 East 196 St., Bronx, N. Y.

"Crisco" . . . has a B. S. degree from N. Y. U. in talking . . . thinks he can produce radio programs as well as play golf . . . hopes to write two bad novels and one good play before the moths catch up with him.

WRIGHT, HARVEY B. . . . . Box 104, Cherry Creek, N. Y.

"Chief Scriptus" . . . is anxious to make any sympathetic soul his correspondent . . . write if interested . . . self-styled hunter and woodsman from thriving Cherry Creek (pop. 604).

WYCHOCKI, ARTHUR H. . . . . 8341 Manistee Ave., Chicago, Ill.

"Buddy" . . . was playing with engineering at Illinois Tech . . . son of Milwaukee brewer . . . and does he patronize the product! . . . Hobbies: wine, women, and song . . . also hates all umpires.

ZORN, ALFRED S., JR. . . . . 4046 N. Oriole St., Chicago, Ill.

"Lead-pipe" . . . famed golf lecturer . . . wants to be an optometrist . . . thanks to his family for all the swell food they sent up . . . Claim to Fame: he knows the "Queen."

ZYWIAK, LOUIS J. . . . . 1122 West St., Utica, N. Y.

"Beetle-Head" . . . plays a wicked game of table tennis . . . and makes speeches like a Bowery drunk . . . wants to be a lawyer, but we can think of easier ways of going hungry . . . he once said: "I saw the sun chinning itself along the blue horizon."

FLIGHT FIVE

Gasaway, Herrmann, Hofgesang, Hinz, Kasum, Irwin, Hoffman, Leinkram
Kraft, Dickey, Keefe, Lakin, Davies, Kowalchuk, Kellogg, Hill
Haddad, Hamilton, Griffin, Daly, Konecky, Kover, Kirk

FLIGHT FIVE

Cadet Squadron Adjutant

KEEFE, RICHARD W. . . . . 1912 N. Karlov Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Pretty Irishman . . . terable speler *. . . swift with swimmin and wimmin . . . the only PM who "understands" women . . . touché . . . "Wait for me Mary" . . . Illinois Tech.*

Cadet Flight Lieutenants

KRAFT, CHARLES H. . . . . 1635 W. 106th St., Chicago, Ill.

Chuckles . . . flight's first father and only husband . . . sage brainstay of the flight . . . goes home on the drop of a three-day pass . . . Chicago University.

DICKEY, ROBERT F. . . . . 108 W. Second St., Fairfield, Ill.

Sheridan sharpie . . . Chamber of Commerce for Fairfield, Illinois (Route 45, left side) . . . chief engineer aboard the Comet, alias the Greenhouse . . . off-key snorehound . . . University of Illinois.

DALY, JOHN J., JR. . . . . 524 Wales Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

The Fordham ham straight from Daly's tavern . . . member of the Gotabutt club . . . lecturer in voce magna on Eire . . . star basketball, ponderous piccolo player.

DAVIES, LINN A. . . . . 104 Harter Pl., Utica, N. Y.

The Gooper . . . Utica's own, but never had the whole flight to supper . . . childlishly happy and carefree . . . owner of a workshop and expert on linoleum . . . student at Oswego Sub-normal.

GASAWAY, ROBERT F. . . . . 7647 Rhodes Ave., Chicago, Ill.

"me and brother Bill went hunting" . . . Gasbag . . . Gashouse . . . Gassy . . . choir prima donna . . . changed name from Hardin to Gasaway—Roxey thought he had passed away . . . Chicago University.

GRIFFIN, DAVID F. . . . . 1886 Highland Ave., Troy, N. Y.

"Gravy Drippin" . . . short, wiry, athletic . . . little fighter of the basketball team . . . member of the Irish triumvirate . . . Marie-mad Romeo . . . Albany State.

HADDAD, JOSEPH . . . . . 1220 Christiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Chicago's blessing on our tribe . . . alternately grind and clown . . . most nicknamed member of the flight . . . Panama Haddad . . . Hashdad . . . Mohaddad . . . Left Step . . . or just Joe . . . lucky at cards.

HAMILTON, CHESTER . . . . . 834 Buchanan, Topeka, Kans.

"Perish the thought" . . . caustic jerk who wrote this work . . . sharp-tongued Kansan . . . wields a jealous car key . . . Fay-thful forever . . . grinder extraordinary on the sly . . . Hamilton College.

HERRMANN, WILLIAM A., JR. . . . . 1122 Glenwood Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The old memorizer . . . worries about his work and everyone else's . . . vector fiend . . . tickles the ivories but not the girls . . . studies terrifically hard but now sees the end in sight . . . Columbia.

HILL, ROBERT C. . . . . 154 Kneeland Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

Basketball . . . odd sense of humor . . . flight's barber in time of need . . . authority on world affairs and Yonker's politics . . . habit of phoning instructors under a pseudonym . . . Hamilton College.

HINZ, JOHN P. . . . . 431 East 153rd St., Bronx, N. Y.
"Father Hinz" . . . "Pickles" . . . CCNY English lit major . . . contriver of evil schemes and practical jokes . . . teacher tormentor . . brain child and intellectual . . . super-wolf who found a girl with a car, restaurant, gas station, horse.

HOFFMAN, JACK A. . . . . Napanoch, N. Y.
Authority on dump-truck operation . . . mania for Marilyn . . . Cornell chem student . . . fresh air fiend . . . vigorous addict of nocturnal push-ups . . . basketball.

HOFGESANG, EDWARD G. . . . . 10 Hillcrest Terrace, East Orange, N. J.
Hofgesatz . . . Gesang . . . graduate of Montclair State Teachers in social studies . . . at ease! ! . . . tall, lanky, blonde . . . his height helpful in basketball . . . original yoyo machine.

IRWIN, CARL P. . . . . 3507 Gillham Rd., Kansas City, Mo.
"He's from Missouri" . . . first year engineering student at Cornell . . . "I don't go in for that kind of stuff"—his only comment on women . . . troubled by lieutenants and threatened by sergeants.

KASUM, EMIL . . . . . 714 S. 9th St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Croatian . . . sounds good about anything he eats . . . frowns on Marine officers . . . grins all day, snores all night . . . cocky and rightfully confident . . . University of Wisconsin.

KELLOGG, JOHN . . . . . 44 Kirkwood Ave., Binghamton, N. Y.
Authority on the art of bean shooting . . . Sunday School dramatist and class poet . . . sarcastically interrupts other conversations . . . "He left his heart at the Stage Door Canteen" . . . Hamilton College.

KIRK, KARL F. . . . . R. D. #3, Watertown, N. Y.
Beer drinking Englishman (capacity, two glasses) . . . leader in the flight's anti-Irish faction . . . a brain, though talkbackative to teachers . . . Mister 5 by 2 . . . bull slinger extraordinary . . . Hamilton College.

KONECKY, WILLIAM . . . . . 992 East 21st St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Basketball star . . . tall, dark, and BTO . . . the strong, silent type . . . only smokes when he's mad, so watch out if he is puffing.

KOVER, ALLAN N. . . . . 200 E. Mosholu Pkwy. S., Bronx, N. Y.
Graduate of CCNY . . . rock hammer . . . Fossil . . . Piezil . . . efficient manager of basketball team . . . geology major . . . brain who also worries about washing out . . . human compendium of assorted useless information.

KOWALCHUK, BENJAMIN . . . . . 195 Elizabeth St., Westbury, N. Y.
Komochuck . . . Komolochuck—the faculty still can't pronounce it . . . all-around athlete who plays for keeps . . . a "Lon Gisland" truck farmer from way back.

LAKIN, EDWIN . . . . . 56 Blake Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
"The mad Russian" . . . basketball . . . for a talkative guy he gives extra short speeches . . . short, squat, and Brooklyn . . . the Rip Van Winkle of the classroom . . . Brooklyn College.

LEINKRAM, MORRIS . . . . . 2390 Creston Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
"Beat my head against the wall" . . . hardest plugger in the flight . . . Leinkram . . . Cecil B. DeMille of Flight Five . . . singer unusual . . . hat styled by Daché . . . N. Y. U.

FLIGHT SIX

Cadet Group Commander

Bryar, Leonard J. . . . . 4509 N. Magnolia, Chicago, Ill.
"Group, 'Tenshun!" . . . wish somebody would buy him a punching bag . . . lots of military experience, but he's a Chicago businessman after this is over . . . a good one, too . . . Northwestern.

Cadet Squadron Commanders

Albert, John G. . . . . 230 Main St., Dansville, N. Y.
Dansville's gift to Cornell and Hamilton . . . did you ever see such a smile . . . he's got either no dates or two dates . . . should be a bookkeeper not an engineer.

Cliffer, Harold J. . . . . 5207 Ingleside Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Artist, comedian and lover—we hope he's a good lover . . . that attraction in Chicago must be terrific . . . anybody got a furlough they'd like to give to "H. R."? . . . Illinois Tech.

Cadet Flight Lieutenants

Beaudry, Kenneth H. . . . . 416 S. 16th St., Escanaba, Mich.
Breezed in from Michigan with a mathematical mind . . . "F(A)" is the friend of all small guys . . . Escanaba must be a big place.

Doyle, Harry J., Jr. . . . . 2604 Bainbridge Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
"Oily" . . . Harry, the boiler-maker man, hails from Manhattan College . . . a potential engineer . . . has a friend in every city, town, village, and oasis . . . and he doesn't like Kitty, or Kay, or Audrey or . . .

Isaacson, Daniel A. . . . . 54 Blanchard St., Jamestown, N. Y.
"Big Swede," "Ike" . . . Dan came straight from the U. of Rochester . . . biggest man up here . . . tall, dark and curly . . . but he wears a chain with "Roe Ann" on it . . . Math ability only superceded by his generosity.

Phillips, Gordon L. . . . . 225 West 106th St., New York, N. Y.
Hear that deliberate slow Manhattan drawl? . . . that's Gordie with the flashy teeth . . . refugee from Flight Three that made good . . . why is it he gets so many letters?—lucky guy . . . N. Y. U.

Aubé, Raymond F. . . . . 3062 Bainbridge Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
Ray's the lanky guy who beat a path from Clinton to the Bronx for the past year . . . a Fordham flash who never got over it, hey.

Begelman, Irving . . . . . 590 East 2d St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Irv's our foreign policy expert . . . that kid has more corn than a 1919 joke book and he loves it too . . . Poor Stella doesn't know what she's in for . . . C. C. N. Y.

Calabria, Edward A. . . . . 1741 Bussing Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
The Fordham man with lots of pep and a horse laugh . . . How do you pronounce that girl's last name, Ed? . . . Ed is a tennis expert too—just ask him.

FLIGHT SIX

Cliffer, Doyle, Aubé, Isaacson, Beaudry, Morris, Neely
Cohen, Sanderson, Connolly, Bryar, Begelman, Albert, Cayo
Capuano, Phillips, Calabria, Collette, Dahoda, Goodman

CAPUANO, ANTHONY J. ..... 165 George St., Green Island, N. Y.

"Mike" . . . Mix a little of Valentino, Sinatra and Dracula (in the morning) and you have Mike . . . the girls know the Valentino . . . we know the other two . . . N. Y. State Teachers . . . "and Green 'Pernt' is a pretty swell place too" . . .

CAYO, WILLIAM R. ..... 705 Kent St., Iron Mountain, Mich.

Sweet William has many loves—and they all involve things to eat . . . Bill is supposed to be bashful . . . the Iron Mountain News and sleep are his favorite pastime . . . Northern Michigan.

COHEN, NORMAN ..... 1701 West 5th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Norm" . . . City College's loss was our gain . . . he and Jay have been pretty close buddies this year . . . know when Cleopatra wooed Mark Antony? . . . ask Norm—our history boy . . . his hero is Mich.

COLLETTE, ALFRED T. ..... 1607 Lodi St., Syracuse, N. Y.

"Brownie's" the little guy everybody loves . . . he's the one guy who can tell you who'll win the war or anything else . . . simply remarkable how he does it . . . Syracuse U.

CONNOLLY, MARTIN J. ..... 4711 N. Harding Ave., Chicago, Ill.

"Jackson," "Guadal," "Jack heaven-starts-at-Chicago Connolly" was a busy, overworked, sax, clarinet and trumpet player with a Chicago band . . . Jefferson Barracks was his "St. Louis Blues" . . . staunch member of the Smoke Time Club.

CURTISS, GEORGE T. ..... 3 Mechanic St., Port Jervis, N. Y.

Boasts of having had more odd jobs than Solomon had wives . . . wizard in Calculus . . . Sleeping Beauty in history . . . his 1935 Plymouth is a landmark . . . stick with him and you'll wear diamonds . . . President of the "Goof-off" Club.

DAHODA, WILLIAM ..... 8 First St., Cohoes, N. Y.

"Bill," "Dakota" . . . Cohoes is God's country where you always have a quiet time but exciting—bet he'll go home this week-end . . . we still don't know her name or is it their names . . . expert at baseball, football, and basketball.

GOODMAN, SYLVAN J. ..... 34-20 74th St., Jackson Heights, N. Y.

Representative from Queen's College . . . the bouncing boy of the flight . . . favorite song is "Me and My Shadow" . . . whatever happened to that car, Jay?

MORRIS, JOHN W. ..... 6715 W. 31st St., Berwyn, Ill.

Tall, lanky John was made for a basketball court . . . and is Flight Six glad! . . . he helped save Six's face many times . . . spoke up both for himself and Aubé at reveille . . . Morton Junior College.

NEELY, WARD R. ..... Middleville, N. Y.

One of the new arrivals . . . was a welcome fellow to Flight Six . . . filled a gap in its football team—tore holes in the other lines, too . . . tall, big and quietsome . . . Hamilton.

SANDERSON, GEORGE M., JR. ..... 53 Genesee St., Geneva, N. Y.

"Sandy" . . . came to Flight Six from that lost battalion, Flight Seven . . . P. M. is a far cry from Pharmacy at U. of Buffalo . . . watch for him and Albert on the road to Rochester.

FLIGHT EIGHT

Bloomberg, Ewing, Lade, Edlund, Hill, O'Connor, Goldstein
Fimmel, Gilligan, Linquanti, Kassman, Renick, Cardot, Anderson
Gardiner, Collins, Borowiec, Hatfield, McCann, Henry

FLIGHT EIGHT

Cadet Group Adjutant

Gilligan, Joseph F. . . . . 522 West 157th St., New York, N. Y.

Joe is the exception to the rule: as good with women as with cards . . . good scholar and versatile athlete . . . plays on post basketball and swimming teams . . . Iona.

Cadet Squadron Commander

Anderson, Howard W. . . . . 24 Judson St., Rochester, N. Y.

"Yogi" outfielded in baseball, managed basketball team . . . acquired the "Greenhouse" (1926 Pontiac) in a raffle . . . Spent rest of year trying to make it run.

Cadet Flight Lieutenants

Collins, John F. . . . . Carlisle, Ind.

Farmboy turned engineer at Illinois Wesleyan, Johnny is paying his taxes these days via Sheridan's and Burns' . . . Ask him to tell you about "that thar' 600 acres" he has back home.

Hill, David W. . . . . Fairport Harbor, Ohio

We hear that the bells are ringing for Dave and his gal "Chi" . . . photography fiend and accounting major at Spencerian and Dyke Business Schools in Cleveland.

Henry, Neal A. . . . . 436 Delaware Ave., Delmar, N. Y.

Don't let Neil's shyness fool you . . . He is quite skillful at the game of l'amour and travels "lone wolf" style . . . seen often in Clinton's "hot spots" . . . "Beats the skins" in the PM band.

Bloomberg, Carl G. . . . . 86 Lovall Ave., Jamestown, N. Y.

Carl's a swell fellow except when he wakes up—he's the bugler . . . we have never seen him operate with the women but then we are not always around . . . Univ. of Cincinnati, Engineering.

Borowiec, Francis B. . . . . 954 Filmore Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Frank wanted to make air cadets but his seeing-eye dog "Fritz" flunked the eye test . . . Nicknamed "Boswinkle" . . . is the Flight's reluctant mailman . . . Univ. of Buffalo, Engineering.

Cardot, Homer Y. . . . . 12 Orleans St., Rochester, N. Y.

"Yogi's" partner in the "Greenhouse" . . .. we can't decide whether that dreamy look in his eye comes from Dr. Dale's geography lectures or from "strenuous" participation in Sgt. Mack's P. T. course . . . former defense worker.

Edlund, Milton C. . . . . R. F. D. #1, Jamestown, N. Y.

Milt is a hero . . . saved many lives by selling his old jalopy with the big, yellow wheels . . . likes his math and physics seasoned well with blondes and brunettes . . . Univ. of Michigan, engineering.

Ewing, Thomas J. . . . . 849 Pennsylvania Ave., Youngstown, Ohio

Tommy is a strong man: can support many bars at the same time . . . favorite expression of greeting: "Good to smell you" . . . finds math a good class to catch up on sleep.

FIMMEL, RICHARD G. ..... R. F. D. #4, Summerville, N. J.

Dick gracefully struts his stuff as leader of the PM band . . . very popular with instructors . . . has mastered many instruments but excels on the baton . . . Rutgers, engineering.

GARDINER, FRANKLIN A. ..... R. F. D. #3, Marathon, N. Y.

G. I. Frank would like to be in the infantry with his brother . . . they could use his long legs on those 30 mile jaunts . . . chemical engineering his ambition.

GOLDSTEIN, ALBERT J. ..... 2836 Brighton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Goldy" uses many aliases around town to facilitate his romantic escapades . . . played the part of "Lt. Inertia" in the Hamilton Army show and was editor of the PM newspaper which never went to press . . . CCNY.

HATFIELD, DONALD J. ..... 133 Elmwood Place, Sherrill, N. Y.

"Mortimer" rightly brings back glowing tales of the "famous" personalities he meets at Ade's . . . is ever-faithful to his girl and staunchly defends small town life.

KASSMAN, GEORGE N. ..... 46 East Main St., Hamburg, N. Y.

George's achievements: 1. Can out-talk any other member of Flight Eight; 2. Is quite a hunter—has killed many "wildcats" . . . Favorite speech topic, "Gas" . . . has his bid in for Annapolis.

LADE, HERBERT A. ..... Green St., Port Byron, N. Y.

Herbie's clarinet version of the "Flight of the Bumblebee" is a popular request among the boys . . . plays in the PM band . . . spends much time in Syracuse—he must like their brand of women.

LINQUANTI, AUGUST J. ..... 1822 Holland Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

"Link," the flight's verdant lover . . . operates between Clinton and Utica . . . interested in amateur photography and women (he says) . . . aspires to earning his wings after leaving Hamilton.

MCCANN, RICHARD C. ..... 40 Swan St., Salamanca, N. Y.

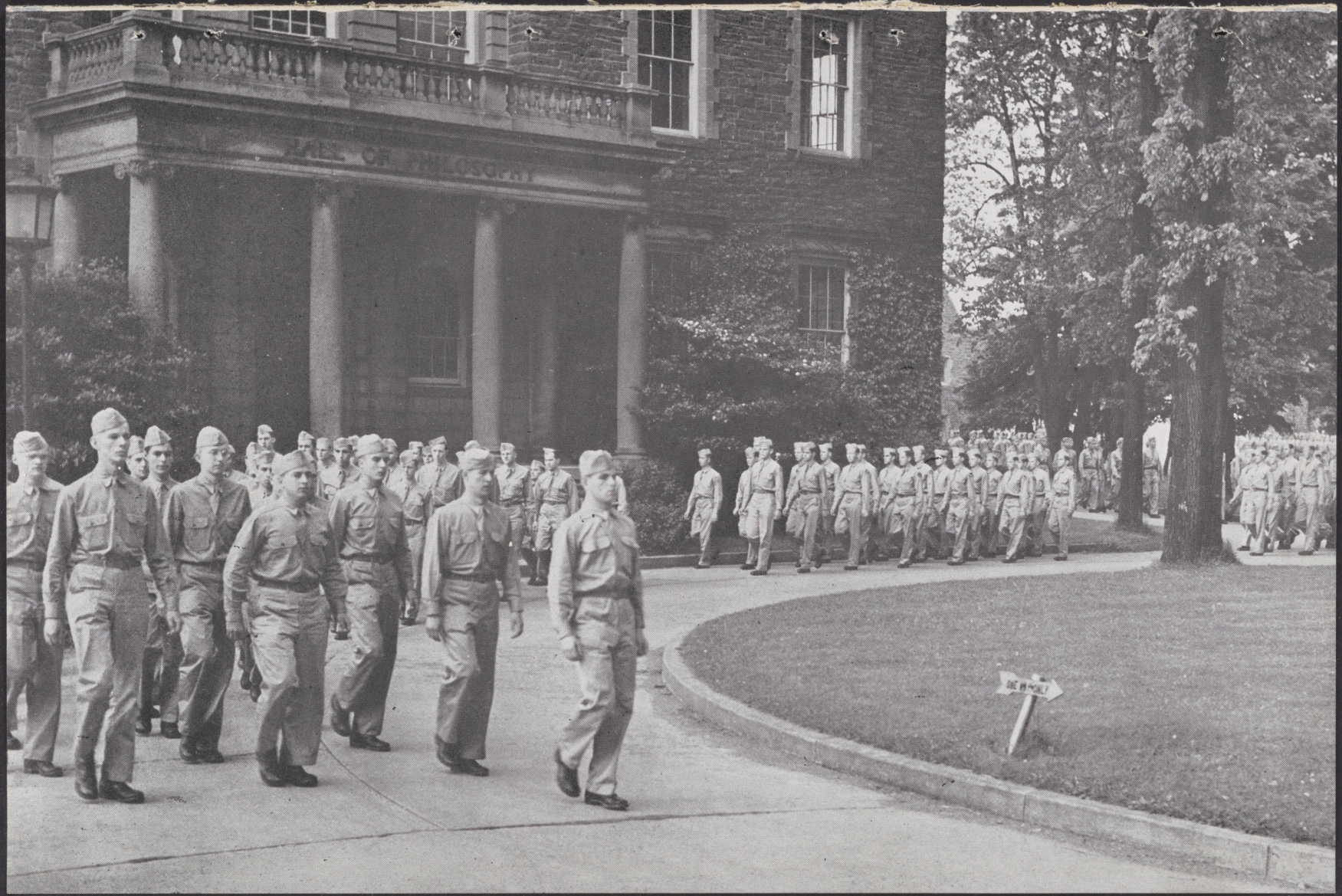
Dick was often seen browsing in the library in search of new books to read . . . earnestly looks forward to the time when he can fulfill his interests in mechanical engineering.

O'CONNOR, JOHN A. ..... 3009 Albany Crescent, Bronx, N. Y.

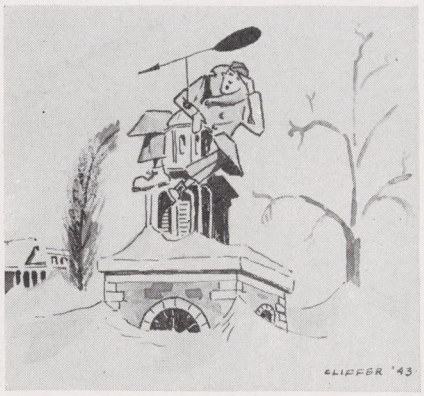
"Okie" has a fabulous appetite—dangerous man to be alone with on desert island plays harmonica, accordion, poker, horses, and women . . . has ground lenses for 6 of his home-made telescopes.

RENICK, ROBERT C. ..... 880 Fernwood Ave., Plainfield, N. J.

Plays saxophone in the PM band . . . is an ardent anti-prohibitionist and supports his beliefs with action . . . favorite haunt during drill was the shower room until surprised there by Lieutenant Embrey . . . Lehigh.


HALL OF PHILOSOPHY

Terrain



Hamilton College, we learned soon after our arrival, had been founded by Samuel Kirkland as an institution of learning for his red-skinned brethren. This interesting, though far from overpowering, bit of information, brought a biting retort to the lips of one suffering PM who on the day of his arrival in the midst of a 30° below cold wave and accompanying snow-drifts said: "Let's give this place back to the Indians."

However, the Air Corps had apparently decided that Hamilton was to be our home for the next 12 months, and by the time the snow finally cleared away in late April we became more than reconciled. Granted, Hamilton was located a bit off the beaten track; a mile and a half from the village of Clinton, atop a hill so steep that it struck terror into the hearts of boys from the mid-western prairies and the level pavements of Manhattan. Granted, Utica, the nearest place of any size at all, was nine miles away. But we were soon heartened by the discovery that our uniforms practically assured us of a lift from friendly residents and transportation problems ceased to be a worry. In fact, traveling became so easy that some of the more footloose made extended trips to Syracuse and Rochester; even paid visits to Cornell and Colgate.

Of course there were some of the trainees who preferred to have their recreation a trifle closer to home. These PM's made liberal use of the rolling fairways of the College's splendid nine hole golf course and also enjoyed the elaborate facilities of the College's gymnasium, one of the most modern and complete structures of its kind most of us had ever seen.

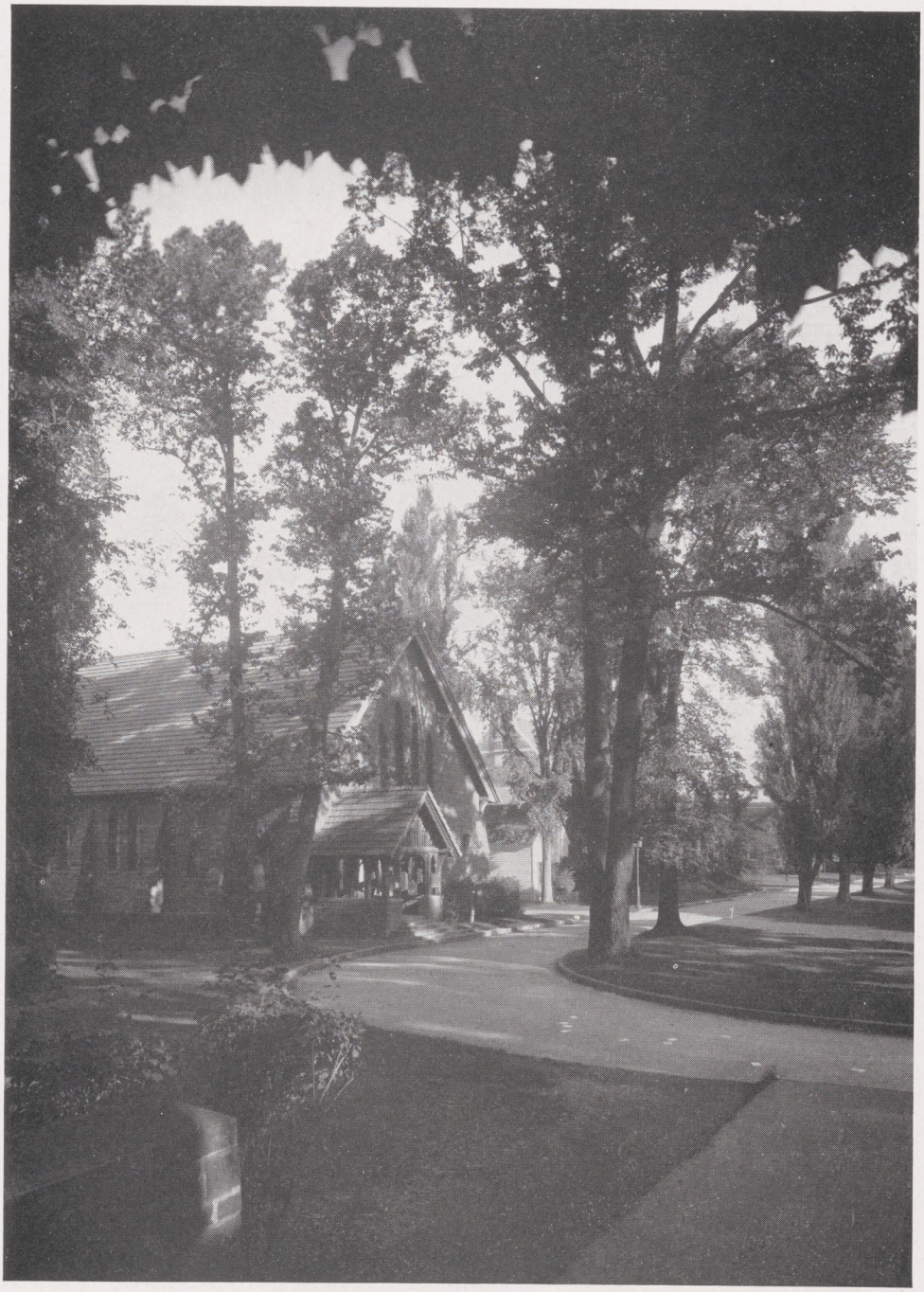
The blistering dog days of July and August found a great many of us loathe to leave the college grounds. Instead we spent our time sun-bathing on the roof of South Dormitory, playing ball on the athletic field, or just lolling around in the shade of the huge elms. Hamilton is really a beautiful spot at that time of year. The view from College Hill toward the Mohawk Valley seems to have a strangely stirring effect on the souls of even math sharks and physics wizards.

Now that the time has come for us to take our leave, we're already getting nostalgic. We've all griped about "that cursed Hill" but the fact that

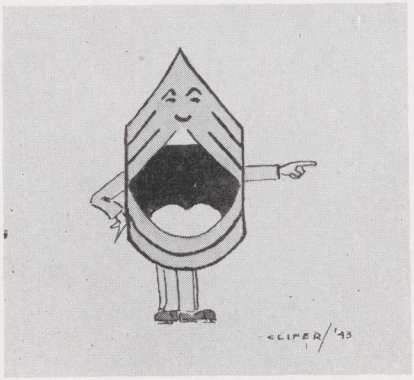
during our last academic break we were able to scale Prospect "Mountain" is a fine tribute to its success as a conditioner. The incongruities of Mohawk Valley weather have also come in for their share of sarcastic discussion, but fairness forces us to admit that we've seldom enjoyed anything to compare with those Spring and Autumn interludes of perfect flying weather. The College and its immediate vicinity are as familiar to us now as our own home town. No longer does the little frame cottage alongside Commons appear out of place. We can now inform the uninitiated that here it was that Samuel Kirkland made his home and taught his first classes of Indians and Whites. We can likewise point out the room in the south wing of the Administration building where Elihu Root was born, happily enough in the very chamber where he later presided at meetings of the College Board of Trustees. Root's Glen on the other side of College Street and the century old bridge which spans Oriskany Creek at the foot of the Hill are as familiar to us as the village park and the cannon in front of the library back home.

In spite of the fact that we now sing sarcastically a ditty which says in part, "When we leave old Hamilton we'll all sit down and cry," a wise man would lay a modest wager that the not too distant future will see more than one PM returning to the Hill to gaze at the familiar lines of Truax and Benedict recalling pleasant—if at times harrassing—hours.

—J. D. R., G. R. O., W. E. F.



Fairly Permanent Party



Over a door in Root Hall, hangs a small, insignificant sign that reads P. P. The meaning of these letters lies in the two words *Permanent Party*, although to PM's wearied by too much mathematics and other Air Corps educational burdens it is translated *Perpetual Picnic*. These men begin the day at 8 A.M. and end when they punch out at 5 P.M. Of course, they have the usual one hour off for lunch, and work six days per week.

Whenever one has occasion to transact a business deal in the orderly room, he will see them hard at work, sitting around reading newspapers and drinking cokes,—pardon us, we mean pounding typewriters and tackling records. Seriously, fellows, we all love you. We wouldn't say a mean thing about you for 10 gallons of gas.

More seriously, though, the permanent party is composed of a detail of men, in most cases technicians in their line, whose job is to keep the administrative side of the post running smoothly. Of course, being good soldiers, they never pass up a chance to hide somewhere and get away from it all. This is nothing to be held against them, for they are only protecting themselves against a nervous breakdown.

Although the PM detachment at Hamilton is considered small in comparison to other Army posts, there is a lot of work to be done. Every one that is here is here for a specific job, and it is the job of a person's superior to see that this job gets done. It just so happens that the PM is the lowest ranking thing in existence up here on Hamilton Hill (better known as Mt. Everest, Jr.) and can be commanded to do anything that a member of the permanent party desires him to do. If you should see a soldier walking around the campus carrying a bull whip or a cat-of-nine-tails its just a PP looking for a PM.

Of course, even we PM's see disadvantages to being a member of the Permanent Party. Your position is never too permanent. We've seen some pretty good guys come and go since we've been here. It didn't take too long for them to start moving either. Remember Staff Sergeant Smith, our first Sergeant? Smith was, as he often told us, an organizer—a damn good

JOACHIMI BURNS COWLEY

one, too. He was here to meet the poor E. R. C. boys when they came in February and proceeded to scare hell out of them. He was their first taste of Army life. Smith had a nasty habit of saying one thing and meaning another—very confusing at times. Remember his, "Now don't try to confuse me, fellas." We'd love to see him talking to Major Burns just once more.

Red-headed Corporal Hertl, in the Medics, came like a flash and left in just about the same way. What a salesman that guy was! He could sell anything—and we mean anything.

Our favorite permanent party man was and always will be the paymaster. Corporal Dillier filled that post very efficiently. But Dillier was more than a paymaster; he organized the Post band.

Pfc. Greenfield was a distinguished looking "fella." We remember when the first-day boys thought he might be an officer. He was the real work horse of the permanent party—as he told us many times. Staff Sergeant Price Stevenson also met us here. He became First Sergeant when Smith left. We don't think there was a more G. I. soldier on this post—shoes shined, clothes

THE MAJOR

In April, 1943, two months after the arrival of the PM's at Hamilton, Major Burns, the detachment commander, was replaced by Captain Walter W. Dettelback, now Major Dettelback. And for the past 10 months it has been Major Dettelback to whom rebellious soldiers go when called "on the carpet." They find he knows all the "tricks of the trade," having worked his way up from a buck private in the New York National Guard some 18 years ago.

The Major's military career has been a full one. In 1936, he received his commission in the National Guard as a Field Artillery officer. He was called to active duty in 1940 and in 1942 was transferred to the Army Air Corps. In the next year he moved from Tulsa, Okla., to the Academy of Aeronautics at La Guardia Field, and thence to the Sperry Gyroscope plants in Brooklyn. In 1943 he became A.A.F.T.T.D. #64's "C. O."

Under the Major's direction this Post became a first class outfit. His impartiality in making decisions, his appearance at the head of the group during road hikes, his alertness on all occasions inspired the fullest "cooperation" from the men. His lectures were like a hula dancer's skirt, "long enough to cover the situation, and short enough to be interesting."

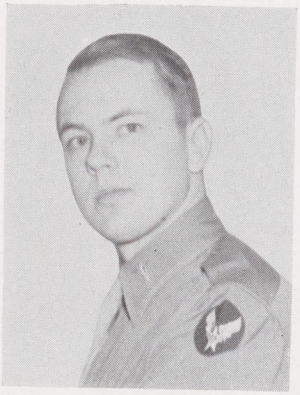
Woe to the PM, though, who "sprouts wings" on the trip to New York City, 'cause the Major's home is in Mt. Vernon, N. Y., and he is frequently seen travelling south.

THE CAPTAIN

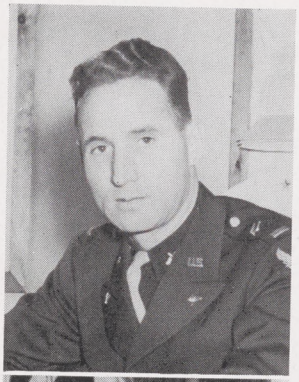
Graduating from Cornell in 1937, Captain Conrad E. Rosdahl attended Columbia University in New York City and obtained his M.D. there. Then, traveling far from his native Richfield Park, New Jersey, he spent a year of internship in the Sacred Heart Hospital of Spokane, Wash. A practice of his own might have been the next step, but he chose to throw in his lot with that of Uncle Sam.

Early in the spring of '43, the Captain, then a first lieutenant, came to Hamilton with his family to set up an Army medical detachment.

A very likeable and friendly officer, Captain Rosdahl has won the hearts of PM's and the ASTP's alike, for behind his pleasant manner lies an efficiency that has kept us all off the permanent sick list. His uncanny sixth sense in recognizing the goof-off on sick call has taught everyone to respect his judgement.



THE LIEUTENANTS



First Lieutenant Jacob B. Embrey arrived at Hamilton on March 13, 1943 from Atlantic City, where he was previously stationed as a second lieutenant. He was assigned to act in the dual capacity of Plans and Training Officer and Transportation Officer. The first job brought him in direct contact with the enlisted personnel and his attributes of fairness and manliness were readily recognized and applauded.

Lieutenant Embrey left his home in Pennsylvania to serve one hitch in the regular Army before he was chosen to attend Officer Candidate School. He was sent to Miami Beach, Fla., to pursue this training and was graduated three months later as a second lieutenant. He was promoted last July.

He proved his leadership and officer-like qualities early this winter when he chose to be the first man to tackle the infiltration course at Rome Air Depot, a course that up until then had us a bit worried.

First Lieutenant Frank X. O'Brien, among other things, is the Post Adjutant; the other things being Personnel Officer, Intelligence Officer, and Physical Training Officer.

Hailing from Goshen, N. Y., he was graduated from Springfield College in 1941. He later attended Physical Training Officer Candidate School at Miami.

As Physical Training Officer, Lieutenant O'Brien has not only supervised an excellent physical program, but has also organized and coached a Post baseball and basketball team, both of which have made good showings for themselves, for the Post, and for the Air Force generally. As Intelligence Officer he frequently knows more about us than we know about ourselves.

Since coming to Hamilton, Lieutenant O'Brien has acquired two things: namely, the silver bar (in July) and an eccentric automobile.

pressed and belt sparkling. His favorite saying: "Don't nobody leave!" Remember when Stevie used to blow that whistle in the halls of North Dorm at 6 A.M. and then go out in 30° below zero weather and stand knee deep in the snow to be sure everybody was still around?

Technical Sergeant Roth never walked. He ran about as though everything depended on his being somewhere else. Seven years of the Army really made Roth a pretty tough Sergeant to have around. But as for getting things done in a G. I. way, there was no one around who could beat him.

Staff Sergeant Aikey, better known as the "Little Napoleon," ran the physical training department with an iron hand. How that little guy could yell! Remember his, "Freeze!" and "By God, I'll have you walking all week-end."

The Kansan farmers made their contribution to our Permanent Party in the person of Tech. Sergeant Ridpath. He had the tough job of keeping the supply situation from going "snafu" (Army for haywire). And then there was Corporal Werthaizer who handled the swimming end. Whenever anyone wanted a break, Werthaizer was always there to give it.

But, if Major Burns were to return to Hamilton, he would no longer recognize his Permanent Party. All his men have gone—gone to the sunny sands of Tarawa or the restful, shady, parade grounds of Jefferson Barracks. A new ruling body is in power. Staff Sergeant Prince, a small, slight-of-frame, 220 pound, ex-boxer, took over Sergeant Aikey's duties in the gym. In his own inimitable southern drawl he announced, "I'd like to teach you all to box." He did! After one of his lessons you went down to see "Medic" Corporal Joseph Mugavero. "Joe," who in his early days on the post almost ruined his eyes, while helping PM's pass Saturday's inspection, also has a slight, uncommon accent—straight from "Thoity Thoid Street." The medical department of the post under Captain Rosdahl, meanwhile, had the able assistance of Corporal Smith, Pfc. Richards, and Pvts. Bolio and Tobin.

When Sergeant Stevenson left Hamilton, Pvt. Quimby took over the First Sergeant's position. Quimby carried out his tasks easily and expertly, while instructing the rifle team at the same time. We'll bet that he answered more questions about furloughs and Christmas than "Information Please." Always courteous, he was one of the finest Permanent Party men we've had.

Things were indeed "Snafu," thought Staff Sergeant Gundersheimer, when he first arrived at Hamilton. The Sarge was from the deep south, and had heard reports of last winter's 30° below zero weather. However as soon as he received his "Baptism of Snow" he loved it. No doubt he's ready for Siberian duty by now!

Sergeant Smith and Corporals Brown and Gant were transferred to Ham-

ilton to fill the vacancies left by Greenfield, Roth, and Diller, and are now carrying out the "behind the scenes" duties with the efficiency of a Carnot engine. Staff Sergeant Gutteridge became everybody's friend on arrival; it's no trick if you handle the payroll.

When Pvt. Michilini, "Papa" Michilini, joined the detachment's PP department we knew we would be physically fit—or else. "Mich" and the PM's worked out on the obstacle course during the winter, and when summer came around we "double timed" with him—1½ miles per day.

There's one PP man who weathered every snow flurry, every snowstorm, that descended upon Hamilton College. Sergeant Mack came in the early days of February, 1942, and is still with us. A good athlete, the Sarge soon had us doing sit-ups, pull-ups and chin-ups—and liking them? ? We all think a lot of him. He's perhaps the only Permanent Party man who knows the name of every PM on this post.

We all owe quite a sizeable debt to our Permanent Party. Whether or not we will ever be in a position to pay them back, we don't know, but each and every one of us will remember them and "little" things connected with them. They kept the old post running smoothly—even at times entertainingly. Hamilton wouldn't have been an "Army" without them.

—R. F. A., A. J. C., M. J. C.

Mugavero, Brown, Gantman, Mack, Beaulieu
Prince, Quimby, R. Smith, Michelini, Richards, Hanoka, V. Smith

Math and Science: Wholesale

"A particle falls in a liquid under the action of the force of gravity. If the resistance to the motion is proportional to the square of the particle's velocity, what is the distance traveled in seconds when the particle starts from rest?"

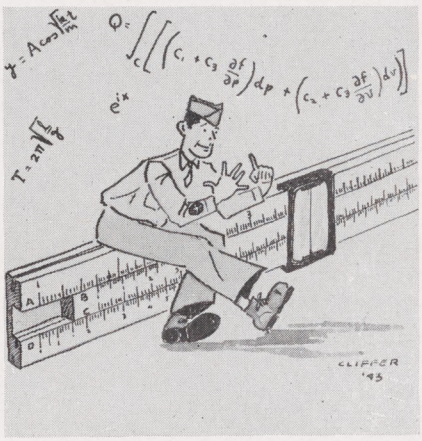
How would you solve this problem? Well, we studied for a year trying to find out!

* * *

The first class that we walked into last February was a mathematics class, and for 12 months we have studied math, read math, discussed math; we have written on it, dreamt of it, slept (and lost sleep) on it. In other words, our life for a year has been mathematics; three years of it squeezed into 48 weeks.

That first day when we walked into Root Hall, the teacher handed us each a nice new college algebra text. In four weeks we had gone through that. Next we took up in quick succession plane trigonometry and analytical geometry. By the end of three months we had slugged through all the preliminaries and were prepared for the main bout, pitted against derivatives, integrals, limits, related time-rates,—in short, calculus.

Not only was mathematics something to talk about in the classroom, but it began entering into our daily lives—and even into our speech. When we learned about the co-efficient of friction, μ (pronounced "mu"), the warning "Don't slip on the ice" became merely "No 'mu,' " and many a PM went about spreading the wise words of Mr. Bruns: "Smooze walls haf no moo." Flight athletic teams were named "The Parabolas" and "The Flying Vectors." One of our officers whose first two names were Frank Xavier was nicknamed "f(x)." And once someone even described a blind-date's figure as approaching an asymptote!



Six months went by and we had finished the equivalent of a college year of calculus. That was what

Boyd C. Patterson

A.B., Washington and Jefferson; M.A., Ph.D., Johns Hopkins

PM's never had an opportunity to meet Professor Patterson in the classroom. Head of the PM mathematics department, however, he served as a sort of one-man Supreme Court on math problems, and, if he were lucky, spent a few moments relaxing from a February round-the-clock effort to track down mathematics instructors wherever they could be found, the country over. He presumably pulled a lot of loose ends together, but one of them was not his black-and-white setter, Tucker, who grew plump on GI food.

they called "elementary" calculus; now we went into "advanced" calculus with differential equations, partial derivatives, and line integrals. We all recall the day it took us an hour to derive the polar form of the gradient, that is, if we could do it at all! But we finally emerged unscathed all except the poor fellow who went mad trying to find the fifth term of the Maclaurin expansion of arc tan x.

If mathematics was our biggest course, vector mechanics was the one we talked about the most. Here was a mad concoction of physics, engineering, mathematics, and philosophy rolled into one and thrown at us three times weekly. It was, to be brief, a course in mechanics taught through the use of vectors (those little lines with arrows sticking out in front of them). The instructor started out by showing us how much time vector saved us; (a nice easy problem would take, for example, only two hours!). We worked problems with steel balls suspended from weightless threads which passed in turn over frictionless pulleys. Then we were disillusioned to learn that there was no such thing as a frictionless pulley or a weightless thread; but if we added several vectors here and there, giving the frictionless pulley friction and the weightless thread weight, we could easily solve the problem by using five or six simultaneous equations! We've forgotten just what it was we were supposed to find, anyway, but that's unimportant.

Not only was vector class the most talked about but it was the most thrilling, too. We never knew what was coming next! The instructors, in-

G. Harvey Cameron

B.Sc., Saskatchewan; Ph D., Calif. Institute Tech.

A native of Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Mr. Cameron eventually came "South of the Border" and spent a summer in the Bolivian mountains as an assistant to Millikan. He arrived at Hamilton in 1932 with his wife, son and beloved camera. Since, he has acquired twin daughters, and has also become the Hill's leading cameraman, having more than 1,500 shots to his credit. With the landing of the Air Corps, he has taken charge of PM physics, a task so completely absorbing that if you now mention the word "camera" to him he thinks of it as merely a problem in "light."

Nelson C. Dale

B.S., Middlebury; A.M., Brown; Ph.D., Princeton

Roxey has been teaching geology at Hamilton since 1914. That just about makes him an institution here. His connections with geological surveys have taken him from the Sierras of California up through New York and New England to the bleak shores of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, toting specimens most of the way. Rocks seem to be his favorite topic, and he makes constant reference to them in his PM geography lectures. Hence the nickname. One of his sons is serving in the Marines. P. S. Don't try to outwalk him.—M. C. E., A. J. G.

spired to do ever greater things, led their adventurous soldier-students through the dense vectorial jungle, the guide often keeping only a step or two ahead of his followers. Few PM's will ever forget the day their teacher leaped, in true Fairbanks style, upon the table and exclaimed, "I am the vector T!", or the time another instructor shrieked (after filling several blackboards with symbols), "Well, there you have the theory, but frankly, I don't know how to do the problems!"

* * *

What seems to us our most practical course was our nine hours of physics weekly. Vector analysis was frequently vague and perplexing; calculus often lost us in a labyrinth of partial derivatives and line integrals. But by and large, physics was straight-forward, direct, understandable.

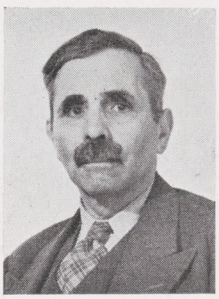
In the first place, the physics program received only a small degree of acceleration. While we covered almost three years of college mathematics in our year's course we took a physics program that would have taken about a year and a half in pre-war college days.

And physics was interesting. Most of us can now understand for the first time the basic principles of heat, light, sound, and electricity; we know why roads and bridges may buckle on a warm day, why some lenses give an enlarged image of a distant object, and why an airplane can fly. During our laboratory periods we have been able to prove some of the simpler physics principles to our own—and even, to the instructor's satisfaction.

Walter J. Bruns

Ph.D., Strasbourg

Mr. Bruns considers us his "kids" so here's to "Popper" Bruns. We can never forget that jovial character and master mathematician who has guided us thru 12 long months of Vector analysis. He is certainly a commanding figure with a walrus moustache, a big cigar in one hand, and a bunch of vectors in the other. He happened to be in this country visiting when War began, something for which we are as grateful as is he. We wish we had his knowledge of English slang. He's taught us some, too: "is dot right?"—R. F. A., A. J. C.



Edward P. Clancy

B.S., Beloit; A.M., Ph.D., Harvard

Mr. Clancy made his physics students envious by frolicking across the campus with his fiancee, while the soldiers in turn sang "Clancy would waltz with the strawberry blonde." (She's a brunette, actually.) Mr. Clancy is a likeable teacher with a shirt-sleeve classroom manner. Born and educated at Beloit, Wis., he avoided an English literature tradition (his father is professor of English at Beloit) in favor of physics, going to Harvard to help run the Cyclotron. After smashing atoms right and left, he came to the calmer atmosphere of Hamilton to teach PM's.—J. K.

Enoch F. George

B.S., Valparaiso; A.B., M.A., West Virginia

Ph.D., Ohio State

Mr. George makes teaching soldiers a habit. He did the same thing during World War I, only then he wore the same uniform as the students—well, almost the same: he was a first lieutenant. Mr. George came out of retirement to acquaint the PM's with the properties of light, sound, and everything else that goes to make up Physics. It's amazing how he can detect a snoozer almost without looking at him. His jokes are few and far between but they are worth sitting up for.—R. F. A., A. J. C.

Charles R. Gibbs

B.S., Hamilton

"The pause that refreshes" could well describe physics class with Mr. Gibbs last summer. The Flights that had him anticipated his arrival with "What will he wear today? That blue palm-beach was a killer on Monday." Both sartorially splendid and mechanically efficient, he led inspired PM's through the intricacies of light and sound with ease. He also found time to joke with his charges during the seven minute "break," while modestly hiding his Phi Beta Kappa key.—G. R. O.

Ralph N. Johanson

B.S., Boston; M.A., Ph.D., Chicago

"Let us consider" Ralph Johanson whose utter faith that PM's could be taught mathematics has never been shaken. He came to Hamilton after teaching at Bradley Polytechnic Institute; resides on the campus a calculus-book-throw from the classroom; lives happily with his wife and their integration, Junior, 22 months. Despite evidence to the contrary, "Joey" (it's about time he found out what we call him) denies he plays a mean piano. But if he plays only .001 as well as he has taught, he's a budding Vincent Lopez.—I. W.

Vincent O. McBrien

B.S., Providence; M.S., Ph.D., Catholic Univ.

With "his boys" of Flights One and Five Mr. McBrien is tops. They loved him because even though he insisted that everything was easy he was completely sympathetic and understanding when it proved otherwise. He was always willing to forsake the slide-rule for the baseball diamond—"talking it up from third base" was no problem for him and he somehow managed to combine a Bostonian broad "A" with a homelike corn cob philosophy. He was as friendly as they come, frequently appearing in Utica week-ends with a couple of PM's in tow.—J. W. S.

We learned a lot and had fun. We won't forget the instructor who persisted in using a meter stick to demonstrate his lectures—and at the same time kept the front row of his class busy ducking the stick. Nor will we forget the PM who thought his eye sight was bad when he couldn't see the cross-hairs in a small telescope; he found out they were there when he poked his finger through them.

* * *

Have you ever seen a room full of khaki-clad soldiers playing with crayons and colored pencils and India ink? It is a bit kindergartenish at first glance, but withal a rare and happy sight, a sight enacted once a week all year in geography laboratory where each of us sat down to "do" his maps. We smeared yellow from Narvik to Vladivostok to indicate 10 to 20 inches of rainfall, we drew brown lines in the Andes to show the terrain, and occasionally we even rubbed India ink from Mexico to Tehuantepec, proving that it takes time for ink to dry even in the tropics. We took boyish pride in our work as we lettered the Ganges and the Zambesi, Thessalonika and Reykjavik, Afghanistan and Nicaragua, and perhaps Semipalatinsk and the Brahmaputra if we printed small enough.

Class discussion also came once a week in geography, and we found this a little tougher proposition. There were those who studied before class and read Newbigen. There were some who retreated to the rear of the room with atlases and attempted to shine forth with facts. And there were the

John J. G. McCue

A.B., Harvard; Ph.D., Cornell

The impressive Mr. McCue is possessed of a sharp wit, a ready smile, and glib tongue. He expounds math and science at the drop of a hat, the while growing a distinguished and strongly individualistic beard. His versatility manifests itself in a Central New York Swimming officials' license to judge diving and a proclivity for making birdies, the latter possibly an application of vector analysis. He also has the distinction of being on Hamilton's physics faculty in the Pre-PM days.—M. T.

Francis L. Patton

A.B., Ohio State; B.A., M.A., Oxford; Ph.D., Columbia

Before the PM's arrived on the Hill, Francis L. Patton, Rhodes Scholar, prepared to instruct several Flights in the concepts of geography. An economist, Mr. Patton says regional geography is "90% new to me." A PM, however, never would have guessed it. His lectures, full of information and sly wit, were eagerly awaited and heartily enjoyed. In his now rare spare time, Mr. Patton indulges in bridge and the strenuous art of mountain climbing. He's been up all the Adirondacks offer. When asked his opinion of the Hill's Hill, he said: "Pooh!"—J. D. R.

Philip Virgilius Rogers

A.B., A.M., Hamilton; Ph.D., Yale

Though he is slight in stature, PM's soon learned that Mr. Rogers has a lot hidden under that boyish haircut. When he switched from biology to geography he astounded global-minded PM's with his tales of exploring in Labrador (he traversed thousands of miles where the hand of man had never set foot) and ranching in the West. Strict in academic discipline, he doesn't lose his sense of humor in the classroom. At Hamilton, his family has been well and favorably known for more than 95 years. His home is a short distance from the Hill, both as the crow flies and as Dr. Rogers walks.—J. K.

Abraham Seidenberg

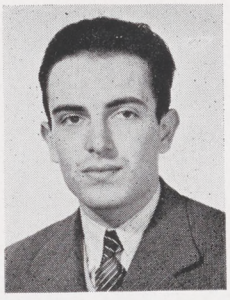
B.A., Maryland; Ph.D., Johns Hopkins

If Mr. Seidenberg was out to make an impression on the flight the very first day, he did. For with his favorite weapon, a piece of chalk he proceeded to draw an absolutely perfect freeband circle; and the class turned to look at each other in raptured amazement. Since then he has led us into nearly three hundred skirmishes on the slide-rule front, and generalled us—not without casualties—through all the barbed wire and block-houses of higher mathematics. P. S.: He reads math on his own time.—A. J. P.

Fritz Steinhardt

A.B., Columbia

Fritz Steinhardt, ubiquitous and capable, has guided many weary but willing PM's through the intricacies of calculus and the enigmas of differential equations. Three days after the Anschluss the Steinhardts left Vienna for Switzerland. In 1941, they came to America, where Fritz enrolled at Columbia and arrived, ultimately, on the Hill. Typically Viennese, Steinhardt is a violinist and a music lover. He likes to "shee" and climb mountains. America pleases him tremendously, but he's shocked by "subway manners."—J. D. R.



R. Catesby Taliaferro

B.A., Ph.D., Virginia

Mr. Taliaferro is dubbed P-38 and Thunderbolt, because of his lightning-like lectures in defense of Classical Mechanics and his agility on a bicycle. Came to Hamilton to sling Vector Analysis at unsuspecting PM's. Notorious for impossible examinations, he reached the pinnacle of his fame when he assigned his "fantastic circus" problem, that covered 40 feet of blackboard. He came to the Hill from St. John's College, where he taught philosophy, astronomy, Greek, French, and mathematics.—J. K.

artists of the flight, the bullers who went ahead with only a clever tongue.

Two lectures each week completed our dose of geography. With maps and diagrams and oratory the faculty tried to pound through our thick skulls the structure of the Arabian plateau, the climate of Iceland, the products of Egypt. But still, when we hear of Arabia we think of harems; Iceland, Sonja Henie; Egypt, Cleopatra.

Geography wasn't given the weight that math and physics had, and we took it with a lighter heart. But there is one geography test that no PM, especially boys from the mid-west, will ever forget. The question: "What is Chicago famous for?" The only correct answer: "Glaciation!"

—J. K., W. A. H., C. H.

Frank Louis Verwiebe

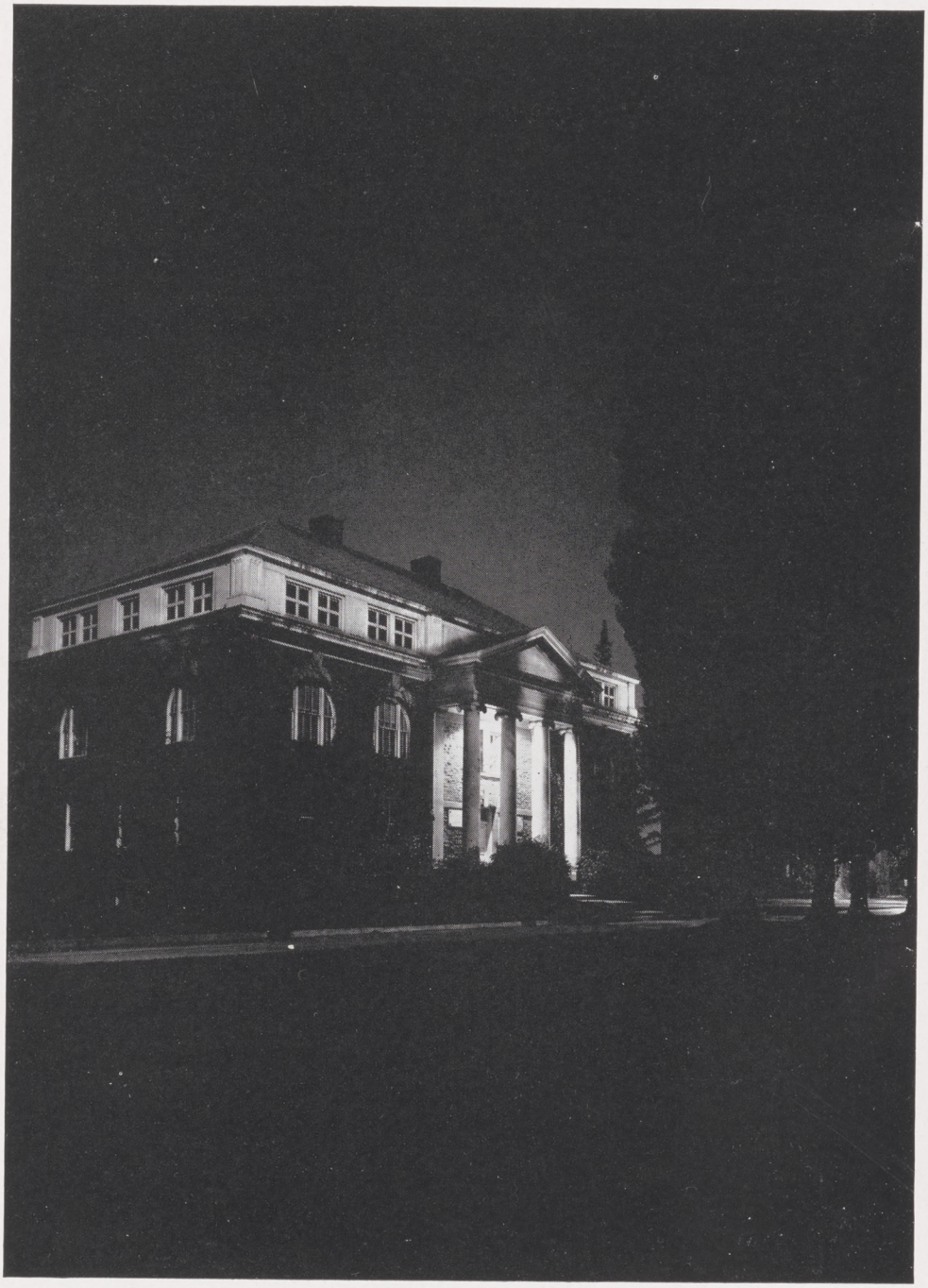
B.M.E., Cornell; Ph.D., Chicago

With degrees from Cornell and Chicago, a home-town like Saratoga Springs, a wife, two children, and an insatiable curiosity for everything from gardens to semantics, Mr. Verwiebe ambled in from the University of Chicago, looking more like a western rancher than a doctor of philosophy. Galileo must have looked like him. To his bewildered sheep, who lay awake long hours pondering physical concepts, he sagatiously advised: "You've just got to live with it awhile." —I. W.

Lloyd B. Williams

B.A., Reed; S.M., Chicago

Son of a Portland, Ore., geology professor, Mr. Williams matriculated at Reed College, which he describes as "something like Hamilton except that it is co-ed." He has had varied working experience from desk jobs to "six weeks in a gold mine." He instructed mathematics at Georgia Tech previous to arriving at Hamilton in 1942. He is interested in model railroading and hence promises to make an excellent daddy to a recent addition to his family. He resides on Harding Road, making the trip daily to and back along a blazed trail.—M. C. E., A. J. G.



Culture: Retail

It is at this point in the yearbook that the reader, if he is not a PM, is expected to pause, scratch his head, and wonder, "Why culture?" PM's wondered no end.

It can't be said that all of us were perfectly certain about the meaning, the spelling, and all the implications of "meteorology" when we became part of AAFTTD #18. As far as most of us were concerned, the word could have been tied up with a lot of things. We expected a lot of math and physics and even something like vector mechanics. We didn't expect "culture".

When we discovered just what was to make up the "culture," the thing began to make more sense. Course V, called "Communications" by the Chicago directives, included study in American history, English, and speech. Its purpose, in the minds of those who designed the course, was to give us, as potential officers, a background in the history of the nation, and with it practice in "written and oral expository English." Reduced to its simplest terms, that means that we were expected to get a pretty clear idea of the things for which we were fighting, plus a reasonable ability to express ourselves, orally or on paper. And so we read history, listened to lectures, wrote countless themes, and, once a week, harangued each other from the platform. At the end of the 12 months, no one could say that we didn't write better, speak more effectively, know more about America.

* * *

The story of PM English is the story of much reading and writing. In its early days, the course was assigned five hours a week in the academic schedule—one of class, two of laboratory, and two of study. Soon after the beginning of the second quarter, when it was clear to everyone that the PM was going to have less trouble absorbing "culture" than making sense out of calculus and vector mechanics, English was cut to three hours a week, with the two study periods eliminated. It was tacitly assumed that we would return to literature whenever Pythagoras or Newton got the better of us.

Campbell Dickson

Ph.D. and J.D., Chicago

When "the Dean" agreed to take Flight One's English and history instruction on his shoulders for the first semester, he already held the man-sized job of Civilian and Military Dean. Perhaps his pedagogical success, even with the sleepiest of Flight One's boys, was due in part to his years in preparation for the job as a student, lawyer, short-story writer, counsellor, teacher of Greek culture, hiker extraordinary, and football coach (Minnesota, Beloit College, Wisconsin, Princeton, Michigan, and Hamilton). He's now with AMGOT overseas.—R. D. S.

Charles A. Knudson

B.S., Dartmouth; A.M., Ph.D., Harvard

Wisconsin born and Dartmouth-Harvard bred, Dean Knudson's versatility extends beyond academic levels. He is a skiing enthusiast as well as a golfer, tennis player, and swimmer. His favorite hobby, however, is dogs, of which he has three. Count of Monte Cristo, his favorite cocker spaniel, attends all the Dean's lectures, but invariably sets a bad example by dozing off. Another canine companion is a St. Bernard which unfortunately doesn't carry a keg. This, we feel, is a serious omission, Hamilton winters being what they are.—I. W.

John W. Blyth

A.B., Haverford; M.A., Iowa State; Ph.D., Brown

As a philosophy professor, Mr. Blyth has done amazingly well as a history teacher, philosophy not being included, we regret to say, in the PM curriculum. Mr. Blyth's first contact with PM's was rather a boost to his ego. His youthful appearance combined with a dapper collegiate dress, gave one PM, the notion that Mr. Blyth was a Hamilton student. Seeing an opportunity to obtain some first-hand information, the dear soldier motioned Mr. Blyth to one side and said: "Say, Mac, you go to this joint; what kinda Legrees are they gonna throw at us for teachers?"—I. W.

Edgar B. Graves

A.B., Haverford; A.M., Ph.D., Harvard

As Dean of Civilian Students, Mr. Graves is frequently kept busy trying to find any. The report is, though, that once you find them, they're an exceedingly good bunch. He's taken time, however, to expose a few PM's to history. In fact his lectures on the philosophies of Locke, Rousseau, and Voltaire used to carry clearly and audibly even to the point of keeping awake some of the sleepier PM's on the rear seats. His principal field, though, is English history; hence when he delved around in the American Constitution it was for our particular benefit.—M. C. E., A. J. G.

George L. Nesbitt

A.B., Hamilton; A.M., Ph.D., Columbia

Professor Nesbitt, favorite son returned, is chairman of PM English. Just a few rods further up the Hill than Hamilton—yes, there's more of the Hill than we normally climb —is his green and white cottage. On cool mornings, he is sometimes seen to step out of doors at 6:20 having just stoked the furnace in the almost futile hope that the warmth will stop the baby's crying. For his eternally beaming countenance, PM's have affectionately nicknamed him "Smiling George." His chief stifled ambition: to conduct a symphony orchestra.—I. W.

English class time was spent largely in reading and discussing, and we devoured, some of us eagerly, such stuff as Hayakawa on *Semantics*, Hemingway's short stories, *The Modern Temper* by Krutch, and *Force or Reason*. We saw what good writing was. Then we set out to produce some.

That's where the English "laboratory" comes in. The "lab" was simply a two hour period during which we were expected to turn out 300-500 words of "expository prose." There was not a subject that we weren't willing to tackle. We handled everything from "the adventures of Francis Parkman" through $ax + b$ and $\sqrt{2}$, right down to a perplexing subject from geography, "The Unexplored Amazon."

* * *

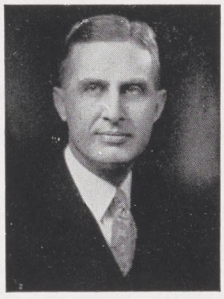
Next to English, history was most likely to receive least PM attention. Yet the course went surprisingly well. We began rather leisurely delving into the mysteries of John Locke's natural laws, Rousseau's simple life, and Kant's philosophy of force, jumping from there to a study of Nazism and Fascism. Then we veered sharply into a gaudy, pocket-size American history text, a swerve which Professor Graves attributed to the fact that in May the Chicago Committee murderously cut the hours devoted to history. "It started out to be a good course," Mr. Graves told us, somewhat wistfully,

He didn't need to be quite so wistful. We were sorry the course had been limited, but even with limitations PM American History was by no means conventional humdrum. Conventionality was impossible with former mem-

Willard Bostwick Marsh

A.B., A.M., Hamilton; A.M., Princeton

Dubbed "Swampy" by previous generations of Hamilton men, Professor Marsh hung on to his nickname but acquired a new job when the Air Corps invaded the Hill. Having supplemented his pre-war title of Upson Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory with that of Instructor of PM Public Speaking, Professor Marsh announced to his classes that the object of his course was "to make the speech of each man audible above 100 decibels of sound when the hearer is on the other side of a three-foot brick wall."—R. D. S.



David H. Beetle

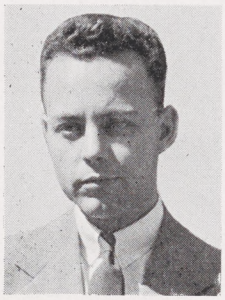
A.B., Hamilton

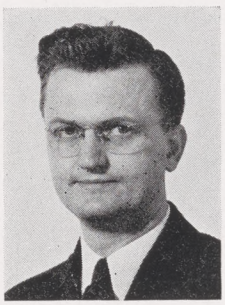
Whenever news breaks PM's expect to see a moustached Hamiltonian with turned up collar and slouch hat, clutching his notebook to his chest, and eagerly watching everything that happens. As publicity man, shepherd to the Alumni Review, and English instructor, Mr. Beetle is a familiar figure on the Hill, having come here a few years ago as a journalism refugee. In one class where he taught PM's punctuation and the lofty thoughts of Krutch and Chesterton, his winking right eye gained him the hush-hush name of "Goo-Goo."—J. K.

Richard Current

A.B., Oberlin; M.A., Fletcher; Ph.D., Wisconsin

For one of his students to remain long in ignorance of Mr. Current's interest in Western folklore is a practical impossibility. We are sure that long after "integration" is just a word to us we will remember his colorful descriptions of America's "pistol packin' " days. A bit overburdened with figures elsewhere, PM's were delighted by his tendency to play down the economic factors in America's development in favor of cowboys and Indians. Dapper in appearance, Mr. Current amply proves that a history teacher need not look like one.—J. W. S.





Holle G. DeBoer

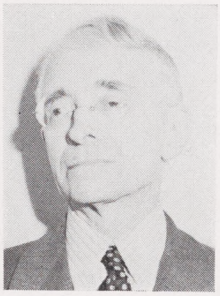
A.B., M.A., Colorado State College of Education

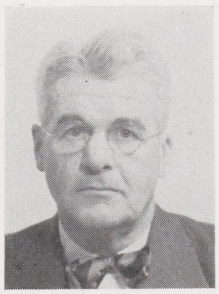
Mr. DeBoer was blessed with that awful task of teaching Brooklyn PM's to say "thirty-third" not "thoidy-thoid" and teaching the southern boys to lose that slow drawl. Personally he hails from Colorado State College of Education (wonder how they put that in a yell?), Penn State, and Cornell. A natural curiosity that made him come to Hamilton to investigate that seat that upheld "the Dignity of the Spoken Word," finally caught up with him. He was curious to know about Army life and his draft board obliged after he was with us only three months.—R. F. A., A. J. C.

Donald B. Durham

A.B., A.M., Ph.D., Princeton

Like the quiet accountant who took over the jangling job of power-riveting for the duration, Mr. Durham, recently the Greek department at Hamilton, took over the task of instructing PM's in English. Report is he discovered that between sedate Greek scholars and rowdy soldiers there was a wide and substantial difference. But, he philosophized, work is work, and proceeded in the strictly classical tradition. In one day, he laid low 14 split infinitives, eight double negatives, and five comma-splices (one got away). —A. J. P.





Francis W. Gilbert

A.B., A.M., Harvard

When Hamilton's history department set up a search for PM instructors early in the year, Mr. Gilbert found himself recruited to spend his second "duration" with the military. A Captain in the Infantry in World War I, he is still winning the confidence of "his men" by mixing discipline with humor. A Harvard history major, Mr. Gilbert was assisting in research for President Cowley when World War II came. Since then, among other things, he has found his first and only love—or so we think—"Flight Three." His other flights probably think the same thing.—G. R. O.

bers of the philosophy, French, music, and economics departments as our teachers. New interpretations were bound to result. They did, and we welcomed them. Perhaps it would be a good idea to shuffle every faculty around like that once in a while!

* * *

Speech consumed the least of our time; classroom time, that is. The overflow of exuberant witticisms and super-abundance of chatter about it, though, often suggested that the subject was the crux of the entire program.

How well we recall our first speech class! "Our allotment is but one hour a week," stated Mr. Marsh apologetically. "The only solution is to accelerate an already accelerated program." We were exposed almost immediately to the rigors and trials of public address. The theme of the day was: *Let's Get Acquainted. Where Do You Come From?* As a theme it produced answers which ranged from Brooklyn, N. Y. and Maple Shade, N. J., to Bloomington, Ill., and Kansas City, Mo. Many places were heard of for the first time. This, of course, doesn't apply to Brooklyn. Main interests included the teaching field for Pete Porcino, history for Tebsherany and women for an overwhelming plurality. First impressions of Hamilton College were many and diverse: 38° below; it's all snow; what a beautiful campus; that Hill; that youngster in the village who informed Bill Fisher Hamilton was within easy walking distance. Such were the two-minute gems that sent us along the road to accomplished speaking.

Michael A. Heilperin

D.Sc., Geneva

Mr. Heilperin brought two distinguished features to his PM history classes: an amazing amount of knowledge on a wide variety of subjects, and the best course in American History ever taught by a Polish economist. Following World War I, he became interested in the problem of his native country, Poland, and in the newly-founded League of Nations. These have remained his primary interests, although he is an internationally-known economist, the author of three books, and a prominent lecturer. His books, incidentally, are written in three languages and translated into a fourth. —C. H.

Thomas M. Johnston

B.S., Washington and Jefferson; M.A., Tulane; Ph.D., Duke

Although Mr. Johnston looks, for all the world, like a star reporter on a great metropolitan daily, and possesses the rich, resonant voice of a Milton Cross, he has forgotten these potentialities to pass the time leisurely golfing and victory gardening. He looks with some favor upon a few select lines from T. S. Elliot's "Gerontion," though we are utterly at a loss to understand why. Here they are:

Here I am an old man in a dry month;
Being read to by a boy, waiting for rain.

—I. W.

John R. Mattingly

A.B., Chicago; Ph.D., Yale

With his bushy moustache, fur hat and cane, Mr. Mattingly is a familiar sight about the campus. A classicist, he has been converted to war production, and is teaching PM's to write "clear, original, and concise" English themes. Although he finds instruction in English "refreshing," he wouldn't want to do it all his life. He's too fond of Latin and Greek. Additional data: 1. Walter Lippman recently quoted from an article he co-authored with his wife. 2. Mrs. Mattingly majored in Sanskrit. 3. He owns and operates a horse.—M. C. E., A. J. G.

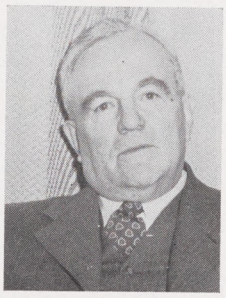
Thomas F. O'Donnell

A.B., Hamilton

Sure, and there's something about the Irish that gets a man. What a gay time we had when the O'Donnells, Doyles, Connollys and Curtisses held forth in the English Composition classes. Oh, yes, Mr. O'Donnell did a right fine job of teaching some of us PM's how to write something besides our names and equations and untangling our spelling. Funny thing though, he wasn't much at writing himself. Always it was "Satisfactory" or "Unsatisfactory" (and more often the latter).—R. F. A., A. S. C.

Frank H. Ristine

A.B., Wabash; A.M., Ph.D., Columbia; L.H.D., Wabash



During our first class Mr. Ristine warned us that he was a queer person and had many peculiarities. Since then we have been watching hopefully. However, to date, we have found nothing about him which might set him apart as a "character." On the contrary, he is a business-like English instructor, determined to make us better writers in spite of ourselves. Before we arrived at Hamilton, he doubled as instructor in Shakespeare and as Dean. Come the War, he entered upon his more prosaic PM chores enthusiastically.—G. M.

Owen A. Roberts

A.B., Hamilton

The PM's will remember dapper, apple-cheeked Owen Roberts of the English faculty for his many attempts to make their stay at Hamilton as pleasant as possible. In the classroom Mr. Roberts eased the academic monotony by promoting lively discussions, by giving dramatic readings, by tossing forth classic quotes—"Kill it, fellows"—and by telling "cheerful" stories. Outside of class, he arranged dates for PM's with the beautiful belles of Utica. He had an inside track, instructing many of them in the Utica Free Academy.—G. H. L.

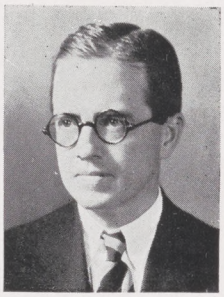
The next few meetings were devoted to tongue-twisters and pronunciation. After two hours' instruction, we could even pronounce *meteorology*.

Rounds were started by Professors Marsh and Johnston. Such topics as war, peace, and post-war policy, the most striking character I've ever met, my most exciting experience, and others were suggested, and forthwith chosen. We were next permitted to make our own choices, and found them difficult to make at times. It seemed as though we were constantly searching our minds and experience for new stories to tell and "stories" they were! It was good experience, though. Best of all, there wasn't any Chicago Exam.

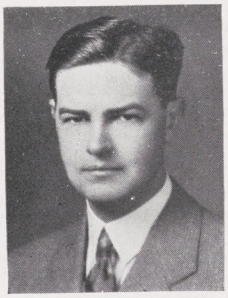
—R. D. S., J. W. S., M. T.

Robert B. Rudd

A.B., and A.M., Hamilton; B.A., Oxford



Mr. Rudd is an impressive gentleman who rushes about the campus with that battered fedora on his head, a pile of books in both arms, and a black dog with a G. I. haircut at his heels. After teaching in the higher Heavens of English Literature for some years, he got down to work manfully, scrubbing away at our themes. We don't think Flight Six will ever forget the Wednesday evening they spent at the Rudd house just down the path nor the fun we had trying Mr. Rudd's patience. A remarkably patient man.—R. F. A., A. J. C.



Berrian R. Shute

Institute of Musical Art

A graduate of the New York Academy of Musical Arts, Mr. Shute was director of the College Choir and professor of music, before the ravages of war struck sedate Hamilton. Today—the "Invasion of the PM's" a reality—Mr. Shute combines war news, humor, and fact in harmonious proportions. As a Sergeant in the Medical Corps during the last war, Mr. Shute saw much of Europe. He's been back since—without stripes—to enjoy his travels. In his spare time, he directs the Utica Civic Orchestra, the Utica Choral Society, and the PM Glee Club.—J. D. R.

48-8.

Muscles and Guns

Most of us were impressed by the athletic facilities at Hamilton College. We had not visualized modern locker rooms and showers, a slick gym floor, handball and boxing rooms, a beautiful swimming pool and a spacious in-indoor rink (which, before the Army leased it for a drill hall, had ice).

We had a vague notion of the outdoor facilities, but did not view them until Spring stripped the grounds of a thick blanket of snow and ice and revealed baseball diamonds, tennis courts, a golf course, and a football field.

At the beginning, however, our physical training program side-stepped much of this equipage and called simply for conditioning exercises set up by Lieutenant Marcus (later replaced by Lieutenant O'Brien). The "hardening" process he instituted was a gradual one. The first few days the calisthenics were "light." Then they became "heavy" and stayed that way.

A typical hour in the gymnasium:

We undress, wildly slinging on our gym uniforms, and dash up to the gym floor. By command of the Sergeant, we "Fall-In" and are spaced across the floor in eye-pleasing diagonals. Then when the sergeant snaps to the position of "parade-rest," we call ourselves to attention and proceed with a series of exercises committed to memory.

Stiff muscles and joints creak protest. Bones rattle to the tune of the Air Corps hop. Groans, grunts and curses mingle with cadence-counting. Ankle-touches, push-ups, shoulder-snappers, waist-reducers, eye-brow straighteners,

and elbow-benders—they're all there. Resting up after this mass-murder, some of us stare into space, visioning ourselves with torsos like that of Charles Atlas. Many of us were disappointed.

The rest period over and a few minutes remaining, we fall into marching formation. We go through what became popularly known as "The Mack Method of Mauling Meteorologists." This consists of double-timing, walking on toes, heels (and everything else except fingernails), kangaroo-hopping, and duck-walking (the latter too absurd even for ducks).

After this work-out, we crawl down to the locker room, take a shower and climb groggily into our clothes.

Classes were started after a while in the swimming pool, with emphasis placed on methods of abandoning ship and staying afloat semi-permanently. In April, Private Michelini was appointed to the physical training staff, and with him he brought a new secret weapon—a cross-country run, an outdoor up-hill-and-down-dale enterprise. He varied this with the commando course in the hockey building that for all its disarming appearance bristled with tunnels, ladders, walls, hand-over-hand pipes, ropes, and hurdles.

As the year progressed we got in a bit of football and softball, and finally ended up batting a volleyball in the de-frosted hockey rink.

* * *

Out of the dusk came a voice commanding us to "fall in." This was our first reveille at Hamilton College. As we stood there in a raging wind, knees buried in snow, our first realization that we were on an Army post came over us. We learned that we were no longer "Joe College," or "John Doe." We were embryonic weathermen, yes, but first we were soldiers.

Hence, one hour between 5 and 6 in the afternoon was squeezed into our already crowded schedule. At first we drilled in the old gymnasium and as spring came, in the road in front of the college infirmary. Within a month a student officer staff was organized and we were marching to the "hup two, three, four" of our fellow students. The first semester of military training dragged by with basic drill sprinkled throughout with regulation training films on everything from "The Care of a Toothbrush" to the "Manual of Arms."

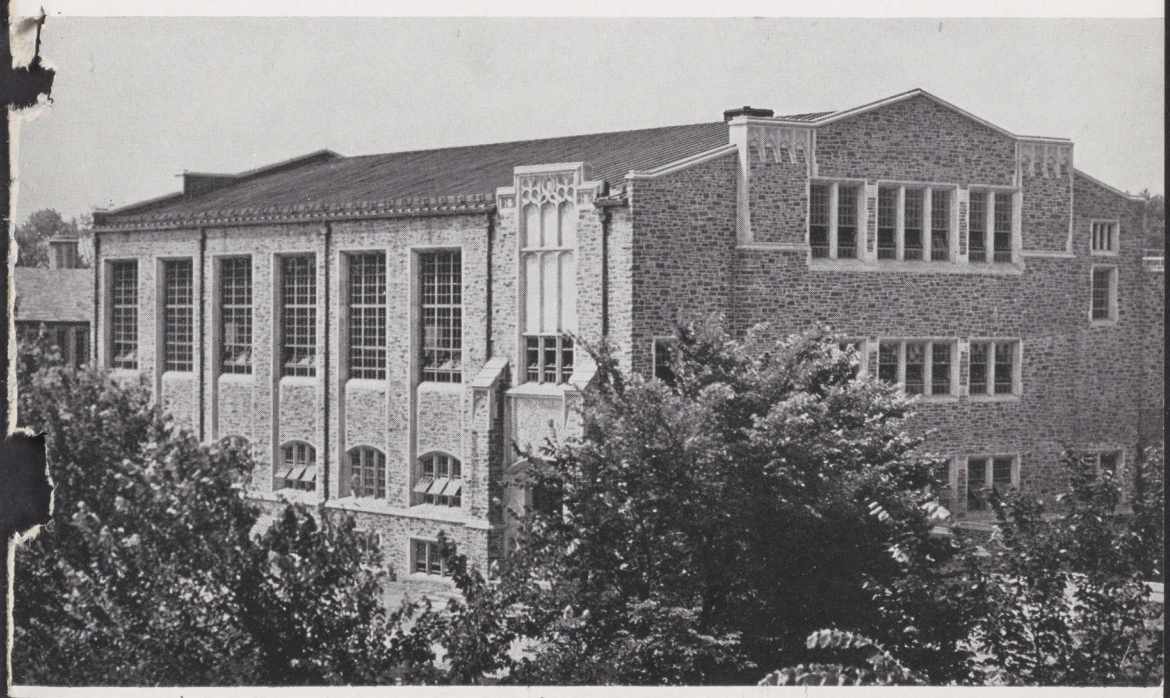
The academic break in May came as relief to the mental strain of us recipients of "too much and too soon." With the naive optimism of youth we cherished plans for a week furlough, but as we were told, it was not a break at all, just an interim between scholastic endeavors. We remember well that week of drill and more drill; marches that always seemed to end with us

puffing up College Hill; evenings of exchanging sympathy around the bar at Ade's (the College neglected to take out a license); movies; lectures; gas warfare. (The chemical warfare boys set up shop one day!)

After the break we resumed our afternoon drill sessions, concentrating on formal retreat in the newly mowed meadow to the south of the football field. The memory of retreat will remain forever in our hearts. There we stood stiffly at attention in a blinding sun that actually boiled the perspiration out of our skin while flies buzzed around our ears. In spite of these minor distractions (not mentioning the girls on the sidelines watching our ceremonies) these last few moments of the day were inspiring, picturesque. Many visiting officers consented to review our detachment, the most notable being Major General Ulysses S. Grant, III. But we PM's will remember best the time when we marched past the reviewing stand and stared into the deep brown eyes of a blushing, slightly embarrassed "Wac" Lieutenant!

With the approach of our third academic recess in November, ugly rumors started circulating that we were to spend our break digging (or blasting) foxholes in the frozen ground. But when that fateful morning arrived we were relieved to discover that carbines, and not entrenching tools, had arrived at Root Hall. After a day of sighting and aiming, we struck in full force at Rome (N. Y., of course). We had a field day at the rifle range —no casualties and many of us qualified as marksman, sharpshooter, and expert. The following day we crawled on our noses and fingernails through the infiltration course with dynamite charges popping off around us and machine guns firing over our heads—real bullets too. We rounded out the week with a cross-country hike, again staggering up College Hill as the finale. It seemed to us we were always going *up* College Hill.

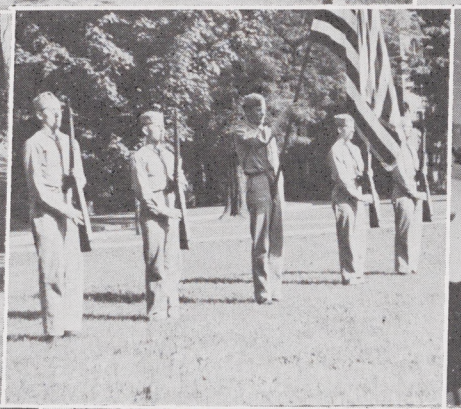
—M. C. E., A. J. G.



So Little Time

When the Air Corps arrived at Hamilton for the Pre-Meteorology program their first hopes were for a leisurely, collegiate, although to be sure, Army, life. PM's came for the most part from eastern and mid-western colleges where many of them had been active in student affairs. When the axe fell and classes started, however, newspaper editors, athletes, and musicians, looked glum. How could students carry on outside activity when the Army routine required 16 hours a day? The PM's speedily found that the course was the curriculum and that there was to be nothing extra—or not much. However, the situation remained "snafu" [that's Army for all fogged up] but briefly. Although spare time wasn't easy to find, the PM's of athletic, musical and other talent did organize and carry out a few major activities. With the cooperation of the College Faculty and the Post officers, a military band, a glee club and baseball and basketball teams evolved.

Making its first public appearance after 10 minute rehearsal, the PM band (full strength, 25 assorted horns and drums) started its long career under the able direction of Corporal Dillier (remember him?). The band outlasted its director, who was succeeded in August by a student, Richard Fimmel. Although its repertoire was strictly limited to marches that the detachment came to know intimately, there was occasionally some confusion about what was being played, as for example, when the trumpets started *The Thunderer* while simultaneously the trombones hit *Stars and Stripes Forever*. Anyway, they are both by Sousa.



Quite appropriately the massive John J. Daly tooted the piccolo, while the mighty midget, Dick Frey, toiled all year beneath the bass drum. From the band, incidentally, were recruited most of the buglers, including Tex Huston, who, on July 15, 1943, shaved his own record for adjutant's call down to 2.01 seconds. Besides contributing "Sound Off!" at every retreat, the band (with the help of the glee club) appeared at two concerts for the college community.

Anyone who accidentally stumbled on a choir rehearsal might understandably have mistaken it for an ASTP class in languages. For instead of real songs, as he would expect, he would hear such apparently nonsensical sounds as "Snee, snay, snye, snoh, snooooo . . . m; mi, mye, mah; la, la, la." That happened to be the way the combined Air Corps—ASTP glee club warmed up.

Mother, father, or both, of the choir was Bob Stone. He thought of the idea, interested other PM's, and enlisted Professor Shute as its leader. The PM's furnished the accompanist, Bill Herrmann, and an over-abundance of bass voices that drowned out the few tenors. The ASTP's helped balance things.

Rehearsals were held twice a week during military drill periods, but were not the "goof-off" (that's Army for "gold brick") sessions most people thought. Although two hours a week is not much time, Professor Shute kept the group hard at work until after 6:15, by which time they welcomed any diversion, accidental, or otherwise, as for example the occasion when a piece of paper dropped into the innards of the piano making it tinkle like a barroom music box. Or the occasion when George Lovitt went into hysterics as Jack Morgan came in on the wrong cue only to make the same mistake himself in the very next number. On the whole, however, the boys minded their P's and "Cues."

Purely in the matter of decibels, shouts from the athletic field were of more moment than musical enterprises. Baseball was the first major sport on the PM's calendar. Once the snow and slush had disappeared (which wasn't until May), the call went out for candidates for a PM nine. When all cuts had been made, the squad included about 20, most of them upper classmen, former high school and college players. Harry Katz, that colorful athlete from Texas A. and M., was called upon to take charge. Despite the fact that practice was limited to gym periods and week-ends, Private Katz, assisted by the physical training staff—Lieutenant O'Brien and Staff Sergeant Aikey—assembled a well rounded, aggressive team. Because the fellows could do little at the short practice sessions, they were naturally called "goof-offs." While other PM's sweated through road-runs during gym periods, the team played baseball or a little touch football. Games were arranged with the Hamilton

College team and with independent clubs from Clinton and neighboring communities. During each hot summer week-end the club usually managed to play two games, more than half of which were PM victories. A frequent victim was the Clinton All-Stars, who, despite the efforts of Professor Vince McBrien of the Math Department, and Lt. Frank Senerchia of the ASTP unit, went down to several defeats. The Syracuse Air Base Club at Syracuse offered the best opposition—a bit too much, to be truthful—but this was offset by the fact that the PM players were invited by the Syracuseans to eat their first meal at an officers' mess.

During the season, the boys had their share of fun and excitement. Several team members showed that they could really play ball. Fighting Dave O'Brien was the team's sparkplug behind the plate; Field Captain Bud Erickson, the leading batter, and popular Bill Garmus teamed up to ruin the hopes of opposing pitchers; Seth Solomon turned out to be a one-man ball team as a fine pitcher, batter, catcher, outfielder, and base runner. The most colorful player was none other than the coach. When Katz pitched, O'Brien didn't have to signal because Katz couldn't even see the plate. His corny jokes and his barefoot football kicking exhibitions brought down the stands. When it was time for baseball to give way to other sports, the team

The PM basketball squad: Front row, left to right: Shook, Williams, Berkowitz, Ochshorn (captain), Westfall, O'Brien, Sundberg. Rear row: Lieutenant O'Brien, Fehrenbacker, Anderson, Satran, Brundage, Charvat, Erickson, Kiernan, Bock, Gilligan, Stiling and Solomon.

had a pair of farewell parties for Heatherington, Eicher, and Katz at which the officers and coaches praised the team for its spirit, sportsmanship, leadership—and just plain good ball.

With several former high school and college basketball players it was inevitable that a basketball team should be organized. In fact there was enough talent for the coaching staff (Lieutenant O'Brien and Sergeant Mack) to assemble varsity and jayvee squads of 15 men each. Although the basketball team, like the baseball team, was handicapped by lack of adequate time for practice, the squad saw action quickly and played some Wednesday and Saturday night thrillers.

The starting five, all former college athletes, averaged more than six feet in height. Baseball star Bud Erickson was the only upperclass player. His brilliant playing well earned for him the title of Number One PM athlete. John Kiernan, Bob Ochshorn, Lou Charvat, and Jim Brundage rounded out the first team.

The games were colorful enough at times. Eddie Calabria led the PM cheers and Harold Satran turned in a creditable job as water boy. Civilians, including the PM's pretty dates, as well as soldiers, were on hand to root. Parties and dances, both on and off the post, helped to round out a successful basketball season.

In an effort to include all the PM's and not just the talented ones, Staff Sergeant Aikey and Sergeant Mack organized interflight competition in basketball, baseball, football, volleyball, and handball. Moreover, all the college facilities, including gym, swimming pool, tennis courts, and golf course were crowded during week-ends with men trying to escape the harsh memories of vectors, integrals, and derivatives. On the cultural side, the few "long hairs" on the campus made it a custom to gather at the record library for informal concerts. Then there was the so-called Literary Society which met on alternate Thursday nights in Jimmy Burns' back room and on Saturday nights in Sheridan's. Included in the membership were such intellectuals as Dickey, Kraft, Schnappauf, Berk, Overhiser, Eannace, etc. Dr. Vincent McBrien served as faculty adviser. No account of extra-curricular activities would be complete without at least mentioning the newspaper that died at birth, the shows staged in Clinton, the browsing room of the library, and the army of taxicabs that left the hill every Saturday afternoon.

If the present PM's look back on their year at Hamilton, they may discover that they have forgotten much about vectors and the spelling of Semipalatinsk; yet, they may discover, too, that in odd moments here and there outside of class they have acquired pleasant, lasting friendships made upon this Hill. —A. J. P., G. H. L., G. M.

In Full Song

From the day that the first members of the PM detachment arrived at Hamilton last February, the staid atmosphere atop College Hill has echoed with the sound of several hundred singing voices: vocal evidence that the Air Corps' practice of having trainees sing as they march had been instituted.

Unlike many Army customs, the PM students found this one most enjoyable. They not only sang the conventional Air Corps ballads, but also added several picturesque ditties of their own. Throughout the year, the many visitors who had occasion to view the Detachment, either on parade or merely going through their daily routine, were invariably impressed by the sight of precise, khaki-clad columns advancing behind a barrage of song.

Occasionally, the PM's have come in for their share of ribbing on their singing ability, one wag in their sister detachment going so far as to suggest that that was the only way they could keep in step. Their answer has been an overpowering crescendo of melody.

The detachment's Commanding Officers have frequently emphasized the importance of group singing as a morale factor. They are right. Over the entire year, there wasn't a single time when the going became a bit more rocky than usual, and the tendency to gripe became more acute, that a fellow couldn't find relief by giving forth with a rollicking song. Come what may, on this you can rely,—PM's will exit, as they entered—in full song.

—J. D. R., G. R. O., W. E. F.

"MY GAL"—

My gal's a southern lady;
How she can dance!
Beats all the other ladies
Turkey to France.

Curves on her like a bubble,
Hips like a snake,
I thought each time she doubled,
Her back would break.

That's where my money goes
To buy my baby clothes;
I buy her everything to keep her in style.
She wears silk underwear;
I wear my G. I. fare
Yes, boys, that's where my money goes.

Oh, we'll build a bungalow big enough for two,
Big enough for two, my honey, big enough for two,
Walla walla
And when we're married, happy we'll be,
Under the bamboo, underneath the bamboo tree
Boom boom, boom boom, boom boom,
boom boom, boom boom.

There'll be a l-a-r-k, lark
Out in the p-a-r-k, park
And I'll k-i-s-s, kiss you
In the d-a-r-k, dark.

There'll be an m-o-o-n, moon
Our hearts in t-u-n-e, tune
And I'll l-o-v-e, love you
Pretty s-o-o-n, soon
Rack 'em up, stack 'em any old June
Boom boom, boom boom, boom boom, boom boom,
boom boom.

INTO THE AIR, ARMY AIR CORPS

Into the air, Army Air Corps,
Into the air, pilots true,
Into the air, Army Air Corps,
Keep your nose up in the blue—
Up in the blue.
And when you hear the engines singing,
And the steel props start to whine,
You can bet the Army Air Corps
Is on the firing line.

WEATHER'S FINE FOR FLYING

The weather's fine for flying,
The fog has gone to bed,
There's such good visibility
That you can see victory ahead.

Let's fill the air with bombers.
Let's fill the air with men.
And you will see,
A world that's free,
As we fly home again.